

PROBATIONARY
O D E S
FOR THE
LAUREATSHIP:
WITH A
PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE,
BY
SIR JOHN HAWKINS, KNT.
EIGHTH EDITION.

GAUDES CARMINIBUS: CARMINA POSSUMUS
DONARE, ET PRETIUM DICERE MUNERIS.

Hog.

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PROBATIONARY

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1875

LABORATORY



LABORATORY

SIR JOHN HAWKINS

EDINBURGH

ORDER OF THE LORDS OF THE TREASURY
FOR THE PAYMENT OF THE
BANK OF ENGLAND

—

PRINTED FOR THE GOVERNMENT BY J. H. COOKE

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C O N T E N T S.

P RELIMINARY Discourse	-	-	v
Thoughts on Ode Writing	-	-	xvi
Recommendatory Testimony	-	-	xxi
Account of Mr. Warton's Ascension	-	-	xxxvi
Laureat Election	-	-	i
ODE, by Sir C. Wray, Bart.	-	-	9
Ditto, by Lord Mulgrave	-	-	12
Ditto, by Sir Joseph Mawbey, Bart.	-	-	14
Ditto, by Sir Richard Hill, Bart.	-	-	17
Ditto, by Mr. Macpherson	-	-	20
Ditto, by Mr. Mason	-	-	27
Ditto, by Pepper Arden, Esq.	-	-	31
Ditto, by N. W. Wraxhall, Esq.	-	-	35
Ditto, by Sir G. P. Turner, Bart.	-	-	39
Ditto, by M. A. Taylor, Esq.	-	-	42
Ditto, by Major John Scott, M. P.	-	-	47
Ditto, by Henry Dundas, Esq.	-	-	51
Ditto, by Dr. Joseph Warton	-	-	57
Ditto, by Lord Mountmorres	-	-	61
Ditto, by Lord Thurlow	-	-	67
Ditto, by Dr. Prettyman	-	-	73
Ditto, by the Marquis of Graham	-	-	85
Second ODE, by Lord Mountmorres	-	-	90
Ditto, by Sir George Howard, K. B.	-	-	97
Ditto, by Abp. Markham	-	-	102
Official Ode, by the Rev. Thomas Warton	-	-	112
Proclamation, &c.	-	-	124
Table of Instructions	-	-	129

CONFIDENTIAL

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PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE,

BY THE

EDITOR.

HAVING, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six, put forth A HISTORY OF MUSIC, in five volumes quarto, (which buy) notwithstanding my then avocations as Justice of the Peace for the county of Middlesex and city and liberty of Westminster; I, Sir John Hawkins, of Queen-square, Westminster, Knight, do now, being still of sound health and understanding, esteem it my bounden duty to step forward as Editor and Reviser of THE PROBATIONARY ODES. My grand reason for undertaking so arduous a task is this; I do, from my

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foul

soul believe that Lyric Poetry is the own, if not twin-sister of Music ; wherefore, as I had before gathered together every thing that any way relates to the one, with what consistency could I forbear to collate the best effusions of the other?— I should premise, that in volume the first of my quarto history, chap. I. page 7, I lay it down as a principle never to be departed from, that “ *The Lyre is the prototype of the fidicinal species.*” And accordingly I have therein discussed at large, both the origin, and various improvements of the Lyre, from the Tortoise-shell scooped and strung by Mercury on the banks of the Nile, to the Testudo, exquisitely polished by Terpan-der, and exhibited to the Ægyptian Priests. I have added also many choice engravings of the various antique Lyres, viz. the Lyre of Goats-horns, the Lyre of Bulls-horns, the Lyre of Shells, and the Lyre of both Shells and Horns compounded ; from all which I flatter myself, I have
induc-

indubitably proved the Lyre to be very far superior to the Shank bone of a Crane, or any other Pipe, Fistula, or Calamus, either of Orpheus's or Linus's invention; aye, or even the best of those pulsatile instruments, commonly known by the denomination of the drum.

Forasmuch, therefore, as all this was finally proved and established by my History of Music, I say I hold it now no alien task to somewhat turn my thoughts to the late divine specimens of Lyric Minstrelsy. For although I may be deemed the legal Guardian of Music alone, and consequently not in strictness bound to any farther duty than that of her immediate Wardship; (See Burn's Justice, article Guardian) yet surely, in equity and liberal feeling, I cannot but think myself very forcibly incited to extend this tutelage to her next of kin; in which degree I hold every individual follower of THE LYRIC MUSE, but more especially all such part of them as

have devoted, or do devote their strains to the celebration of those best of themes, the reigning King and the current Year; or in other words, of all Citharistæ Regis, Versificatores Coronæ, Court Poets, or as we now term them, Poets Laureats.—Pausanias tells us, that it pleased the God of Poets himself, by an express oracle, to order the inhabitants of Delphi to set apart for Pindar one half of the first fruit offerings, brought by the religious to his shrine, and to allow him a place in his temple, where, in an iron chair, he was used to sit and sing his hymns in honour of that God. Would to heaven that the Bench of Bishops would in some degree, adopt this excellent idea!—or at least that the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, and the other Managers of the Abbey Music Meetings, would in future allot the occasional vacancies of Madam Mara's seat in the Cathedral Orchestra, for the reception of the reigning Laureat, during
the

the performance of that favourite constitutional ballad, " May the King live for ever." It must be owned, however, that the Laureatship is already a very kingly settlement; one hundred a year, together with a tierce of Canary, or a butt of sack, are surely most princely endowments, for the honour of literature and the advancement of poetical genius. And hence (thank God and the King for it) there scarcely ever has been wanting some great and good man both willing and able to supply so important a charge.—At one time we find that great immortal genius, Mr. Thomas Shadwell, (better known by the names of Og and Mac Flecknoe) chanting the prerogative praises of that blessed æra.—At a nearer period, we observe the whole force of Colley Cibber's genius devoted to the labours of the same reputable employment.—And finally, in the example of a Whitehead's Muse, expatiating on the virtues of our gra-

cious

cious Sovereign, have we not beheld the best of Poets, in the best of Verses, doing ample justice to the best of Kings? —The fire of Lyric Poesy, the rapid lightning of modern Pindarics, were equally required to record the Virtues of the Stuarts, or to immortalize the Talents of a Brunswick.—On either theme there was ample subject for the boldest flights of inventive genius, the full scope for the most daring powers of poetical creation; from the free unfettered strain of liberty in honour of Charles the First, to the kindred Genius and congenial Talents that immortalize the Wisdom and the Worth of George the Third.—But on no occasion has the ardour for prerogative panegyrics so conspicuously flamed forth, as on the late election for succeeding to Mr. Whitehead's honours. To account for this unparalleled struggle, let us recollect that the ridiculous reforms of the late Parliament having cut off many gentlemanly offices, it was a necessary consequence that the few which
were

were spared became objects of rather more emulation than usual. Besides, there is a decency and regularity in producing at fixed and certain periods of the year, the same settled quantity of metre on the same unalterable subjects, which cannot fail to give a particular attraction to the Office of the Laureatship, at a crisis like the present.—It is admitted, that we are now in possession of much sounder judgment, and more regulated taste than our ancestors had any idea of; and hence does it not immediately follow, that the occupancy of a poetical office, which, from its uniformity of subject and limitation of duty, precludes all hasty extravagance of style, as well as any plurality of efforts, is sure to be a more pleasing object than ever to gentlemen of regular habits and a becoming degree of literary indolence? Is it not evident too, that in compositions of this kind, all fermentation of thought is certain in a very short time

to

to subside and settle into mild and gentle composition—till at length the possessors of this grave and orderly office prepare their stipulated return of metre, by as proportionate and gradual exertions, as many other classes of industrious tenants provide for the due payment of their particular rents ? Surely it is not too much to say, that the business of Laureat to his Majesty is, under such provision, to the full as ingenious, reputable, and regular a trade, as that of Almanack Maker to the Stationers' Company. The contest therefore for so excellent an office, having been warmer in the late instance than at any preceding period, is perfectly to be accounted for ; especially too at a time, when, from nobler causes, the Soul, of Genius may reasonably be supposed to kindle into uncommon enthusiasm, at a train of new and unexampled prodigies. In an age of Reform ; beneath the mild sway of a British Augustus ; under the Ministry

nistry of a pure immaculate Youth ; the Temple of Janus shut ; the Trade of Otaheite open ; not an angry American to be heard of, except the Lottery Loyalists ; the fine Arts in full Glory ; Sir William Chambers the Royal Architect ; Lord Sydney a Cabinet Minister ! —What a golden æra ! From this auspicious moment, Peers, Bishops, Baronets, Methodists, Members of Parliament, Chaplains, all genuine Beaux Esprits, all legitimate heirs of Parnassus, rush forward, with unfeigned ardour, to delight the world by the united efforts of liberal genius and constitutional loyalty. The illustrious candidates assemble—the wisest of Earls sits as Judge—the archest of Buffos becomes his assessor—the Odes are read—the election is determined—how justly is not for us to decide. To the great Tribunal of the Public the whole of this important contest is now submitted.—Every document that can illustrate, every testimony that

tends to support the respective merits of the Probationers, is impartially communicated to the world of letters.—Even the Editor of such a collection may hope for some reverſionary fame from the humble, but not inglorious, task, of collecting the ſcattered rays of Genius.—At the eve of a long laborious life, devoted to a Siſter Muſe, (vide my *History*, printed for T. Payne and Son, at the Mews-Gate) poſſibly it may not wholly appear an irregular vanity, if I ſometimes have entertained a hope that my tomb may not want the ſympathetic record of Poetry.—I avow my motive.—

It is with this expectation I appear as an Editor on the preſent occaſion.—The Authors whoſe Compoſitions I collect for public notice are twenty-three. The odds of ſurvivorſhip, according to Doctor Price are, that thirteen of theſe will outlive me, myſelf being in claſs III. of his ingenious tables.—Surely, therefore, it is no mark of that ſanguine diſpoſition

position which my enemies have been pleased to ascribe to me, if I deem it possible that some one of the same thirteen, will requite my protection of their harmonious effusions with a strain of elegiac gratitude, saying, possibly, (pardon me, ye Survivors that may be, for presuming to hint the thought to minds so richly fraught as yours are) saying, I say,

Here lies Sir John Hawkins,
Without his shoes or stockings *!

* Said Survivors are not bound to said Rhime, if not agreeable,

THE FOLLOWING excellent observations on the LYRIC STYLE, have been kindly communicated to the EDITOR by the Rev. THOMAS WARTON—They appear to have been taken almost verbatim from several of the former works of that ingenious author; but chiefly from his late edition of *Milton's Minora*. We sincerely hope, therefore, that they may serve the double purpose of enriching the present collection, and of attracting the public attention to that very critical work from which they are principally extracted.

THOUGHTS ON ODE WRITING.

ΩΔΗ Μολπη Carmen, Cantus, Cantilena, Chanſon, Canzone, all ſignify what Anglicè we denominate ODE—Among the Greeks, Pindar; among the Latins, Horace; with the Italians, Petrarch; with the French, Boileau; are the principes hujusce ſcientiæ—Tom Killigrew took the lead in Engliſh Lyrics; and indeed, till our own Maſon, was nearly unrivalled—Joſephus Miller too
hath

hath penned something of the Odaic, *inter* his *Opera Minora*. My grandfather had a MS. Ode on a Gillyflower, the which, as our family had it, was an *esquisse* of Gammer Gurton's: and I myself have seen various Cantilenes of Stephen Duck's of a pure relish—Of Shadwell, time hath little impaired the fame—Colley's Bays rust cankereth not—Dr. Casaubon measures the Strophe by Anapæsts—In the Polyglott, the epitrotus primus is the metrimensura.—I venture to recommend “Waly, waly, up the bank,” as no bad model of the pure Trochaic—There is also a little simple strain, commencing “Saw ye my father, saw ye my mother;” which to my fancy, gives an excellent ratio of hendecasyllables.—Dr. Warton indeed prefers the Adonic, as incomparably the neatest, ay, and the newest *μολπης μετρον*.—A notion too has prevailed, that the Black Joke, or *Μελαμφυλλαι Δαφναι* is not the “*cosa deta in prosa mai, ne in rima;*” whereas the *Deva Cestrensis*,
or

or Chevy Chase, according to Dr. Joseph Warton, is the exemplar of,

Trip and go,
Heave and hoe,
Up and down,
To and fro.

Vide Nashe's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600.

I observe that Ravishment is a favourite word with Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. V. 46. Again, B. IX. 541. Again, *Com.* V. 245.---Spenser has it also in *Astrophel.* st. 7.—Whereof I earnestly recommend early rising to all minor Poets, as far better than sleeping to concoct surfeits. Vid. *Apology for Smectymnus*.—For the listening to Thrushes or Thrushes, awaking the *lustless* Sun, is an unproved or innocent pastime: As also are *cranks*, by which I understand cross purposes. Vid. my *Milton*, 41.—“*Fill-
ing a wife with a daughter fair*,” is not an unclassical notion (Vid. my *Milton*,

39.) if, according to Sir Richard Brathwaite, " She had a dimpled chin, made
 " for love to lodge within," (vid. my
 Milton 41.) " While the *cock*," vid. the
 same, 44.—Indeed, " My mother said
 " I could be no *lad*, till I was twentye,"
 is a passage I notice in my Milton with
 a view to this; which see; and therein
 also of a shepherdes, "*taking the tale*."
 —'Twere well likewise if Bards learned
 the Rebeck, or Rebible, being a species
 of Fiddle; for it solaceth the fatigued
 spirit much; though, to say the truth,
 we have it; 'tis present death for Fiddlers
 to tune their Rebecks, or Rebibles, be-
 fore the great Turk's grace. However,
Middleton's Game of Chess is good for a
 Poet to peruse, having quaint phrases
 fitting *to be married to immortal verse*.
 JOSHUA POOLE, of Clare-hall, I also re-
 commend as an apt guide for an alumnus
 of the Muse.—Joshua edited a choice
 Parnassus 1657, In the which I find
 many " delicious, mellow hangings" of
 poesy—

poesy—He is undoubtedly a “sonorous
 “dactylist”—and to him I add Mr. Jenner, Proctor of the Commons, and Commissary of St. Paul’s, who is a gentleman of indefatigable politeness in opening the Archives of a Chapter-house, for the delectation of a sound critic. *Tottell’s Songs and Sonnets of uncertain Authors* is likewise a *butful*, or plenteous work. I conclude with assuring the Public, that my brother remembers to have heard my father tell his (i. e. my brother’s) first wife’s second cousin, that he, once, at Magdalen College, Oxford, had it explained to him, that the famous passage, “His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff,” has no sort of reference to verbal criticism and stale quotations.

RECOMMENDATORY TESTIMONIES.

ACCORDING to the old and laudable usage of Editors, we shall now present our Readers with the judgments of the learned concerning our Poets.—These Testimonies, if they proceed from critical pens, cannot fail to have due influence on all impartial observers.—They *pass* an author from one end of the kingdom to the other, as rapidly as the pauper Certificates of Magistracy.—Indeed it were much to be wished, that as we have no State Licenser of Poetry, it might at least be made penal, to put forth rhymes without previously producing a certain number of sureties for their goodness and utility; which precaution, if assisted with a few other regulations, such as requiring all Practitioners in Verse to take out a License, in the manner of many other Dealers in Spirits, &c. could not fail to introduce good order among this class of Authors, and also to bring in a handsome sum towards the aid of the public revenue.—Happy indeed will be those Bards, who are supplied with as reputable vouchers as those which are here subjoined

*Testimonies of Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY'S
good Parts for Poetry.*

MISS HANNAH MORE.

“ SIR JOSEPH, with the gentlest sympathy, begged me to contrive that he should meet *Lactilla*, in her morning walk, towards the Hot-Wells. I took the proper measures for this *tête-à-tête* between my two *naturals*, as I call this uneducated couple.—It succeeded beyond my utmost hopes.—For the first ten minutes they exchanged a world of simple observations on the different species of the brute creation, to which each had most obligations.—*Lactilla* praised her Cows—Sir Joseph his Hogs.—An artless eclogue, my dear madam, but warm from the heart.—At last the Muse took her turn on the *tapis* of simple dialogue.—In an instant both kindled into all the fervors, the delightful fervors,
that

that are better imagined than described—Suffice it to relate the sequel.—*Lactilla* pocketed a generous half-crown, and Sir Joseph was enchanted! Heavens! what would this amiable Baronet have been with the education of a Curate?”

MISS HANNAY MORE'S LETTER TO
THE DUCHESS OF CHANDOS.

OF THE SAME.

By JONAS HANWAY, *Esq.*

“ In short, these poor children who are employed in sweeping our chimnies, are not treated half so well as so many black Pigs—nor, indeed, a hundredth part so well, where the latter have the good fortune to belong to a benevolent master, such as Sir Joseph Mawbey—a man who, notwithstanding he is a bright Magistrate, a diligent Voter in Parliament, and a chaste Husband, is never-

theless Author of not a few fancies in the poetical way."

THOUGHTS ON OUR SAVAGE TREAT-
MENT OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS.

*Testimonies in Favour of Sir CECIL
WRAY, Bart.*

DR. STRATFORD*.

ALCANDER, thou'rt a God, more than a God!
Thou'rt pride of all the Gods,—thou mount'ft by
woes—

Hell squeaks, Eurus and Auster shakes the skies—
Yet shall thy barge dance through the hissing wave,
And on the foaming billows float to heaven!—

EPISTLE TO SIR CECIL WRAY, UNDER
THE CHARACTER OF ALCANDER.

* Author of 58 Tragedies, only one of which,
to the disgrace of our Theatres, has as yet appeared.

OF THE SAME.

By MRS. GEORGE ANNE BELLAMY.

“ I WAS fitting one evening, (as indeed I was wont to do, when out of cash,) astride the ballustrade of Westminster-bridge, with my favourite little dog under my arm. I had that day parted with my diamond wind-mill.—Life was never very dear to me—but a thousand thoughts then rushed into my heart, to jump this world, and spring into eternity.—I determined that my faithful Pompey should bear me company.—I pressed him close, and actually stretched out, fully resolved to plunge into the stream; when luckily (ought I to call it so?) that charming fellow, (for such he then was) Sir Cecil Wray, catching hold of Pompey’s tail, pulled him back, and with him pulled back me.—In a moment I found myself in a clean hackney-coach, drawn by grey horses, with a remarkable civil coachman, fainting in my Cecil’s arms;
and

and though I then lost a little diamond pin, yet (contrary to what, I hear, has been asserted) I NEVER prosecuted that gallant Baronet ; who, in less than a fortnight after, with his usual wit and genius, dispatched me the following extempore poem ;

While you prepar'd, dear Anne, on Styx to fail—
Lo ! one dog sav'd you by another's tail.

To which, in little more than a month,
I penned, and sent the following reply ;

You pinch'd my dog, 'tis true, and checked my fail—
But then my pin—ah, there you squeez'd my tail.

NINTH VOLUME OF MRS. GEORGE ANNE
BELLAM.'s APOLOGY, NOW PREPARING
FOR THE PRESS.

Testimony of the great Parts of CONSTAN-
TINE, LORD MULGRAVE, *and his*
Brethren.

MR. BOSWELL.

“ AMONG those who will vote for continuing the old established number of our Session Justices, may I not count

on the tribe of Phipps---they love good places, and I know Mulgrave is a bit of a poet as well as myself; for I dined in company once, where he dined that very day twelvemonth. My excellent wife, who is a true Montgomery, and whom I like now as well as I did 20 years ago, adores the man who felt for the maternal pangs of a whelpless bear. For my own part, however, there is no action I more constantly ridicule, than his Lordship's preposterous pity for those very sufferings which he himself occasioned, by ordering his sailors to shoot the young bears.— But though *I* laugh at *him*, how handsome will it be if *he* votes against Dundas to oblige *me*. My disliking him and his family, is no reason for his disliking me—on the contrary, if he opposes us, is it not probable that that great young man, whom I sincerely adore, may say, in his own lofty language, “ Mulgrave, Mulgrave, don't vex the Scotch—don't provoke 'em, God damn your ugly head
—if

—if we don't crouch to Bute, we shall all be turned out, God eternally damn you for a stupid boar, I know we shall. Pardon me, great Sir, for presuming to forge the omnipotent bolts of your incomparable thunder.

APPENDIX TO MR. BOSWELL'S PAMPHLET
ON THE SCOTCH JUDGES.

Testimony of NATHANIEL WILLIAM
WRAXALL, *Esq. his great Merit.*

LORD MONBODDO.

“ SINCE I put forth my last volume, I have read the excellent Ode of Mr. Wraxall, and was pleased to find that bold apostrophe in his delicious lyric,

“ Hail Ouran Outangs ! Hail Anthropophagi ! ”

My principals are now pretty universally known ; but on this occasion I will repeat them succinctly. I believe, from the bottom of my soul, that all mankind are absolute Ouran Outangs. That the
feudal

feudal tenures are the great cause of our not retaining the perfect appearance of Ourans.—That human beings originally moved on all fours—That we had better move in the same way again—That there has been Giants ninety feet high—That such Giants ought to have moved on all fours—That we all continue to be Ouran Outangs still—some more so—some less—but that Nathaniel William Wraxhall, Esq. is the truest Ouran Outang in Great-Britain, and therefore ought immediately to take to all fours, and especially to make all his motions in Parliament in that way.

POSTSCRIPT TO LORD MONEODDO'S
ANCIENT METAPHYSICS.

*Testimony of the great Powers for Poesy,
innate in* MICHAEL ANGELO
TAYLOR, Esq.

DR. BURNEY.

I SHALL myself compose Mr. Taylor's Ode—His merit I admire—his
d origin

origin I have traced—He is descended from Mr. John Taylor, the famous Water-Poet, who with good natural talents, never proceeded farther in education than his *Accidence*.—John Taylor was born in Gloucestershire—I find that he was bound apprentice to a Waterman—but in process of time kept a public-house in Phoenix-alley, Long-acre*.—Read John's modest recital of his humble culture——

“ I must confess I do want eloquence,
 “ And never scarce did learn my *Accidence* ;
 “ For having got from *Possum* to *Posset*,
 “ I there was gravell'd, nor could farther get.”

John wrote fourscore Books, but died in 1654.—Here you have John's Epitaph—

* This anecdote was majestically inserted in my manuscript copy of *Handel's Commemoration*, by that Great Personage to whose judgment I submitted it. (I take every occasion of shewing the insertion as a good puff.—I wish, however, the same hand had subscribed for the book.) I did not publish any of the said alterations in that work, reserving some of them for my Edition of *The Tayloria*.

“ Here

“ Here lies the Water Poet, honest John,
 “ Who rowed on the streams of Helicon ;
 “ Where, having many rocks, and dangers past,
 “ He at the haven of heav’n arrived at last.”

There is a print of John, holding an oar in one hand, and an empty purse in the other.—Motto—*Et habeo*, meaning the oar—*Et careo*—meaning the cash.—It is too bold a venture to predict a close analogy ’twixt *John* and *Michael*—Sure am I,

If Michael goeth on, as Michael hath begun,
 Michael will equal be to famous Taylor John.

I shall publish both the Taylors’ works, with the score of Michael’s Ode, some short time hence, in as thin a quarto as my Handel’s Commemoration, price one guinea in boards, with a view of John’s house in Phœnix-alley, and Sir Robert’s carriage as Sheriff of London and Middlesex,

Testimony for PEPPER ARDEN, Esq.—In Answer to a Case for the Opinion of GEORGE HARDINGE, Esq. Attorney General to her Majesty.

I HAVE perused this Ode, and find it containeth *eight hundred and forty-seven WORDS—two thousand one hundred and four SYLLABLES—four thousand three hundred and forty-four LETTERS**.—It is, therefore, my opinion, that said Ode is a good and complete title to all those fees, honours, perquisites, emoluments, and gratuities, usually annexed, adjunct to, and dependant on, the office of Poet Laureat, late in the occupation of William Whitehead, Esq. defunct.

G. HARDINGE.

* See the learned Gentleman's arithmetical Speech on the Westminster Scrutiny.

*Testimony in favour of Sir RICHARD
HILL, Bart.*

LORD GEORGE GORDON,

To the EDITOR *of the* PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

MR. PRINTER,

I CALL upon all the Privy Council, Charles Jenkinson, Mr. Bond, and the Lord Mayor of London, to protect my person from the Popish Spies set over me by the Cabinet of William Pitt.—On Thursday ult. having read the Ode of my friend, Sir Richard, in a print amicable to my Protestant Brethren, and approving it, I accordingly visited that pious Baronet, who, if called on, will verify the same.—I then told Sir Richard what I now repeat, that George the Third ought to send away all Papist Ambassadors.—I joined Sir Richard, Lady Hill, and her cousin, in an excellent hymn, turned from the 1st of Matthew,

thew, by Sir Richard.—I hereby recommend it to the 80 Societies of Protestants in Glasgow, knowing it to be sound orthodox truth ; for that purpose, Mr. Woodfall, I now entrust it to your special care, conjuring you to print it, as you hope to be saved.

Salmon begat Booz—

Booz begat Obed—

Obed begat Jesse, so as

Jesse begat David,

AMEN,

And I am, S I R,

Your humble Servant,

GEO. GORDON,

Testimony

Testimony in Favour of MAJOR JOHN
SCOTT'S *Poetical Talents.*

WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

*In an Extract from a private Letter to a
Great Personage.*

“ I TRUST, therefore, that the rough diamonds will meet with your favourable construction.—They will be delivered by my excellent friend Major John Scott, who, in obedience to my orders, has taken a seat in Parliament, and published sundry tracts on my integrity. I can venture to recommend him as an impenetrable arguer, no man's propositions flowing in a more deleterious stream; no man's expressions so little hanging on the thread of opinion. —He has it in command to compose the best and most magnificent Ode on your Majesty's birth-day.

What can I say more?

A FULL

A FULL AND TRUE
A C C O U N T
O F T H E
REV. THOMAS WARTON'S ASCENSION
F R O M
CHRIST-CHURCH MEADOW, OXFORD,

(In the Balloon of James Sadler, Pastry-Cook to the said University) on Friday the 20th of May, 1785, for the purpose of composing a sublime ODE in honour of his Majesty's Birth-Day; attested before JOHN WEYLAND, Esq. one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Oxford †.

IT was in obedience to the advice of my brother, Dr. Joseph Warton, that I came to a determination on the 5th of May ult. to compose my first Birth-day

† It cannot fail to attract the Reader's particular attention to this very curious piece, to inform him, that Signor Delpini's decision, in favour of Mr. Warton, was chiefly grounded on the new and extraordinary style of writing herein attested.

Ode,

Ode, at the elevation of one mile above the earth, in the Balloon of my ingenious friend, Mr. James Sadler, of this city. Accordingly, having agreed for the same, at a very moderate rate per hour, (I paying all charge of inflating, and standing to repairs) at nine in the morning, on Friday the 28th of said month, I repaired to Christ-church-meadow, with my ballast, provisions, cat, speaking-trumpet, and other necessaries.—It was my first design to have invited Dr. Joseph to have ascended with me; but apprehending the malicious construction that might follow on this, as if, forsooth, my intended Ode was to be a joint production, I e'en made up my mind to mount alone.—My provisions principally consisted of a small pot of stewed prunes, and half of a plain diet-bread cake, both prepared and kindly presented to me by the same ingenious hand which had fabricated the Balloon. I had also a small subsidiary stock, viz.

e

a loaf

a loaf of Sandwiches, three bottles of old ale, a pint of brandy, a fallad ready mixed, a roll of collared eel, a cold goose, fix damson tartlets, a few china oranges, and a roasted pig of the Chinese breed; together with a small light barometer, and proper store of writing utensils, but no note, memorandum, nor loose hint of any kind, so help me God!—My ascension was majestic, to an uncommon degree of tardiness. I was soon constrained therefore to lighten my Balloon, by throwing out some part of my ballast, which consisted of my own History of Poetry, my late edition of Milton's Minora, my Miscellaneous Verses, Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, Inscriptions, Monodies, and Complaints; my Observations on Spencer, the King's last Speech, and Lord Mountmorres's pamphlet on the Irish Resolutions. On throwing out his Lordship's Essay, the Balloon sprang up surprizingly; but the weight of my provisions still retarding
the

the elevation, I was fain to part with both volumes of my Spencer, and all of my last edition of Poems, except those that are marked with an asterisk, as never before printed: which very quickly accelerated my ascension—I now found the barometer had fallen four inches and six lines in eight minutes.—In less than eleven minutes after I had ascended very considerably indeed, the barometer having then fallen near seventeen inches; and presently after I entered a thick black cloud, which I have since found rendered me wholly obscured to all observation. In this situation I lost no time to begin my Ode; and accordingly, in the course of 25 minutes, I produced the very lines which now commence it. The judicious critic will notice that absence of the plain and trite style which mark the passage I refer to; nor am I so uncandid to deny the powerful efficacy of mist, darkness, and obscurity, on the sublime and mysterious topics I there touch on: It

cannot fail also to strike the intelligent observer, that the expression so much commented on, of "*No echoing car*," was obviously suggested by that very car in which I myself was then seated—Finding however that, together with the increased density of the overshadowing cloud, the coldness also was proportionably increased, so as at one time to freeze my ink completely over for near 20 minutes, I thought it prudent, by means of opening the valve at the vortex of my Balloon, to emit part of the ascending power. This occasioned a proportionate descent very speedily: but I must not overlook a phenomenon which had previously occurred——It was this: On a sudden the nibs of all my pens (and I took up 48, in compliment to the number of my Sovereign's years) as if attracted by the polar power, pointed upwards, each pen erecting itself perpendicularly, and resting on the point of its feather. I found also, to my no small
fur-

surprize, that during the whole of this period, every one of my letters was actually cut topsy-turvy wise; which I the rather mention, to account for any appearance of a correspondent inversion in the course of my ideas at that period.

On getting nearer the earth, the appearances I have described altogether ceased, and I instantly penned the second division of my Ode; I mean that which states his most excellent Majesty to be the patron of the fine arts. But here (for which I am totally at a loss to account) I found myself descending so very rapidly, that even after I had thrown out not only two volumes of my History of Poetry, but also a considerable portion of my pig, I struck, nevertheless, with such violence on the weather-cock of a church, that unless I had immediately parted with the remainder of my ballast, excepting only his Majesty's Speech, one pen, the paper of my Ode, and a small ink-bottle, I must infallibly have been a-ground. Fortunately,

tunately, by so rapid a discharge, I procured a quick re-ascension; when immediately, though much pinched with the cold, the mercury having suddenly fallen 22 inches, I set about my concluding stanza, viz. that which treats of his Majesty's most excellent chastity. And here I lay my claim to the indulgence of the critics to that part of my Ode; for what with the shock I had received in striking on the weather-cock, and the effect of the prunes which I had now nearly exhausted, on a sudden I found myself very much disordered indeed. Candour required my just touching on this circumstance; but delicacy must veil the particulars in eternal oblivion. At length, having completed the great object of my ascent, I now reopened the valve, and descended with great rapidity. They only who have travelled in Balloons, can imagine the sincere joy of my heart, at perceiving Dr.

Joseph

Joseph cantering up a turnip-field near Kidlington Common, where I landed exactly at a quarter after two o'clock ; having, from my first elevation, completed the period of five hours and fifteen minutes ; four of which, with the fraction of ten seconds, were entirely devoted to my Ode.—Dr. Joseph quite hugged me in his arms, and kindly lent me a second wig, (my own being thrown over at the time of my striking) which, with his usual precaution, he had brought in his pocket, in case of accidents. I take this occasion also to pay my thanks to Thomas Gore, Esq. for some excellent milk-punch, which he directed his butler to furnish me with most opportunely ; and which I then thought the most solacing beverage I ever had regaled withal. Dr. Joseph and myself reached Oxford in the dilly by five in the evening, the populace most handsomely taking off the horses for something more than the last half

half mile, in honour of the first Literary
Areonaut of these kingdoms—

As witness my hand this 22d of May, 1785.

THOMAS WARTON.

8 MA64

C E R T I F I C A T E .

County of Oxford to wit,
22d of May 1785. } THIS is to certify, to
all whom it may concern, That the
aforefaid Thomas and Joseph Warton
came before me, one of his Majesty's Jus-
tices of the Peace for the said county, and
did solemnly make oath to the truth of
the above case.

His
Sworn before me, JOHN † WEYLAND.
Mark.

LAUREAT

LAUREAT ELECTION.

ON the demise of the late excellent Bard, William Whitehead, Esq. Poet Laureat to his Majesty, it was decidedly the opinion of his Majesty's great superintendant Minister, that the said office should be forthwith declared elective, and in future continue so; in order as well to provide the ablest successor on the present melancholy occasion, as also to secure a due preference to superior talents, upon all future vacancies: It was in consequence of this determination, that the following Public Notice issued from the Lord Chamberlain's-Office, and became the immediate cause of the celebrated contest that is recorded in these pages.

A

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, April 26.

IN order to administer strict and impartial justice to the numerous Candidates for the vacant POET LAUREATSHIP, many of whom are of illustrious birth, and high character,

NOTICE is hereby given, That the same form will be attended to in receiving the names of the said Candidates, which is invariably observed in registering the Court Dancers. The list to be finally closed on Friday evening next.

Each Candidate is expected to deliver in a PROBATIONARY BIRTH-DAY ODE, with his name, and also personally to appear on a future day, to recite the same before such literary judges as the Lord Chamberlain, in his wisdom, may appoint.

LAUREAT

LAUREAT ELECTION.

The following Account, though modestly stiled a *Hasty Sketch*, according to the known delicacy of the Editorial Style, is in fact *A Report*, evidently penned by the hand of a Master.

HASTY SKETCH of *Wednesday's Business at the*
LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S OFFICE.

IN consequence of the late general notice, given by public advertisement, of an *open election* for the vacant office of *Poet Laureat* to their Majesties, on the terms of Probationary Compositions, a considerable number of the most eminent characters in the fashionable world assembled at the *Lord Chamberlain's Office*, Stable-yard, St. James's, on Wednesday last, between the hours of twelve and two, when *Mr. Ramus* was immediately dispatched to *Lord Salisbury's*, acquainting his Lordship therewith, and soliciting his attendance to receive the several candidates, and admit their respective tenders.

A 2

His

His Lordship arriving in a short time after, the following Noblemen and Gentlemen were immediately presented to his Lordship by *John Calvert, jun. Esq.* in quality of Secretary to the Office. *James Eley, Esq.* and *Mr. Samuel Betty*, attending also as first and second Clerk, the following list of candidates was made out forthwith, and duly entered on the roll, as a preliminary record to the subsequent proceedings.

The Right Rev. Dr. William Markham,
Lord Archbishop of York.

The Right Hon. Edward, Lord Thurlow,
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

The most Noble James, Marquis of Graham.

The Right Hon. Harvey Redmond, Visc.
Mountmorres, of the kingdom of Ireland.

The Right Hon. Constantine, Lord Mulgrave, ditto.

The Right Hon. Henry Dundas.

Sir George Howard, K. B.

Sir Cecil Wray, Baronet.

Sir Joseph Mawbey, ditto.

Sir Richard Hill, ditto.

Sir Gregory Page Turner, ditto.

The Rev. William Mafon, B. D.

The

The Rev. Thomas Warton, B. D.

The Rev. George Prettyman, D. D.

The Rev. Joseph Warton, ditto.

Pepper Arden, Esq. Attorney-General to
his Majesty.

Michael Angelo Taylor, Esq. M. P.

James M'Pherson, Esq. ditto.

Major John Scott, ditto.

Nath. William Wraxhall, Esq. ditto.

Monf. Le Mefurier, Membre du Parlement
d'Angleterre.

The feveral candidates having taken their places at a table provided for the occafion, the Lord Chamberlain, in the politeft manner, fignified his wifh that each candidate would forthwith recite fome fample of his poetry as he came provided with for the occafion ; at the fame time moft modeftly confeffing his own inexperience in all fuch matters, and intreating their acquiefcence therefore in his appointment of his friend, *Mr. Delpini*, of the Haymarket Theatre, as an active and able affeffor on fo important an occafion. Accordingly *Mr. Delpini* being immediately introduced, the feveral candidates proceeded to recite their compositions, according to their
rank

rank and precedence in the above list—both his Lordship and his assessor attended throughout the whole of the readings with the profoundest respect, and taking no refreshment whatsoever, except some China oranges and biscuit, which were also handed about to the company by *Mr. John Secker*, Clerk of the Household, and *Mr. William Wise*, Groom of the Buttery.

At half after five, the readings being completed, his Lordship and *Mr. Delpini* retired to an adjoining chamber; *Mrs. Elizabeth Dyer*, Keeper of the Butter and Egg Office, and *Mr. John Hook*, Deliverer of Greens, being admitted to the candidates with several other refreshments suitable to the fatigue of the day. Two Yeomen of the Mouth, and a Turn-broacher attended likewise; and indeed every exertion was made to conduct the little occasional repast that followed with the utmost decency and convenience; the whole being at the expence of the Crown, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary on the part of *Mr. Gilbert*.

At length the awful moment arrived, when the *detur digniori* was finally to be pronounced on the busy labours of the day—never did
 Lord

Lord Salisbury appear to greater advantage—never did his assessor more amusingly console the discomfitures of the failing candidates—every thing that was affable, every thing that was mollifying, was ably expressed by both the judges ; but poetical ambition is not easily allayed. When the fatal *fiat* was announced in favour of the Rev. Thomas Warton, a general gloom overspread the whole society—a still and awful silence long prevailed. At length Sir Cecil Wray started up, and emphatically pronounced, *a scrutiny! a scrutiny!*—A shout of applause succeeded—in vain did the incomparable Buffo introduce his most comic gestures—in vain was his admirable leg pointed horizontally at every head in the room—a scrutiny was demanded—and a scrutiny was granted. In a word, the Lord Chamberlain declared his readiness to submit the productions of the day to the inspection of the public, reserving nevertheless to himself and his assessor, the full power of annulling or establishing the sentence already pronounced. It is in consequence of the above direction, that we shall now give the public the said PROBATIONARY VERSES, commencing with those, however, which are
the

the production of such of the candidates as most vehemently insisted on the right of appeal, conceiving such priority to be in justice granted to the persons whose public spirit has given so lucky a turn to this poetical election. According to the above order, the first composition that we lay before the public, is the following :—

Nº. I.

IRREGULAR ODE.

The WORDS by SIR CECIL WRAY, BART.

The SPELLING by MR. GROJAN, *Attorney at Law.*

HARK! hark!—hip! hip!—hoh! hoh!

What a mort of bards are a finging!

Athwart—acrofs—below——

I'm sure there's a dozen a dinging!

I hear sweet Shells, loud Harps, large Lyres—

Some, I trow, are tun'd by 'Squires—

Some by Priests, and some by Lords!—while JOE and I

Our *bloody hands* hoist up, like meteors, on high!

Yes, *Joe* and I

Are em'lous—Why?

It is because, great CÆSAR, you are clever——

Therefore we'd sing of you for ever!

Sing—sing—sing—sing

God save the King!

Smile then, CÆSAR, smile on *Wray*!

Crown at last his *poll* with bay!——

Come, oh! bay, and with thee bring

Salary, illustrious thing!——

Laurels vain of Covent-garden,

I don't value you a farding!——

B

Let

Let sack my soul cheer,
 For 'tis sick of small beer!
 CÆSAR! CÆSAR! give it—do!
 Great CÆSAR giv't all, for my Muse 'doreth you!—
 Oh fairest of the Heavenly Nine,
 Enchanting *Syntax*, Muse divine!
 Whether on *Phæbus*' hoary head,
 By blue-ey'd *Rhadamanthus* led,
 Or with young *Helicon* you stray,
 Where mad *Parnassus* points the way;—
 Goddess of *Elizium*'s hill,
 Descend upon my *Pæan*'s quill.—
 The light Nymph hears—no more
 By *Pegasus*' meand'ring shore,
Ambrosia, playful boy,
 Plumps her *je ne sçai quoi*!—
 I mount!—I mount!—
 I'm half a *Lark*—I'm half an *Eagle*!
 Twelve stars I count—
 I see their dam—she is a *Beagle*!
 Ye Royal little ones,
 I love your flesh and bones—
 You are an arch, rear'd with immortal stones!
Hibernia strikes his harp!
 Shuttle, fly!—woof! wed! warp!
 Far, far, from me and you,
 In latitude North 52.—
 Rebellion's hush'd,
 The merchant's flush'd;—
 Hail awful *Brunswick*, *Saxe-Gotha*, hail!
 Not *George*, but *Louis*, now shall turn his tail!

Thus,

Thus, I a-far from mad debate,
 Like an old wren,
 With my good hen,
 Or a young gander,
 Am a by-stander,
 To all the peacock pride, and vain regards of state!—
 Yet if the laurel prize,
 Dearer than my eyes,
 Curs'd *Warton* tries
 For to surprize,
 By the eternal God I'll SCRUTINIZE!

Nº. II.

ODE ON THE NEW YEAR.

BY LORD MULGRAVE.

STROPHE.

O for a Muse of Fire,
 With blazing thumbs to touch my torpid lyre !
 Now in the darksome regions round the Pole,
 Tigers fierce, and Lions bold,
 With wild affright would see the snow-hills roll,
 Their sharp teeth chattering with the cold,—
 But that Lions dwell not there——
 Nor beast, nor Christian—none but the *White Bear* !
 The White Bear howls amid the tempest's roar,
 And list'ning Whales swim headlong from the shore !

ANTISTROPHE. (By *Brother HARRY.*)

Farewell awhile, ye summer breezes !
 What is the life of man ?
 A span !
 Sometimes it thaws, sometimes it freezes,
 Just as it pleases !
 If Heaven decrees, fierce whirlwinds rend the air,
 And then again (behold !) 'tis fair !

Thus

Thus peace and war on earth alternate reign:
 Auspicious GEORGE, thy powerful word
 Gives peace to France and Spain,
 And sheaths the martial sword!

STROPHE II. (By *Brother* CHARLES.)

And now gay Hope, her anchor dropping,
 And blue-ey'd Peace, and black-ey'd Pleasures,
 And Plenty, in light cadence hopping,
 Fain would dance to WHITEHEAD's measures.
 But WHITEHEAD now in death reposes,
 Crown'd with laurel! crown'd with roses!
 Yet we, with laurel-crown'd, his dirge will sing,
 And thus deserve fresh laurels from the KING.

Nº. III.

O D E,

By SIR JOSEPH MAWBEE, BART.

STROPHE.

HARK!—to yon heavenly skies,
Nature's congenial perfumes upwards rise!
From each throng'd sty
That saw my gladsome eye,
Incense, quite smoaking hot, arose,
And caught my *seven sweet senses*—by the *nose*!

AIR—*accompanied by the* LEARNED FIG.

Tell me, dear Muse, oh! tell me, pray,
Why JOEY's fancy frisks so gay:
Is it!—you slut it is—some *holy—holiday*!—
[*Here Muse whispers I,—Sir Joseph.*]
Indeed?—Repeat the fragrant sound!
Push love, and loyalty around,
Through *Irish, Scotch*, as well as *British* ground!

CHORUS.

For this BIG MORN
GREAT GEORGE was born!
The tidings all the Poles shall ring!
Due homage will I pay,
On this, thy native day,
GEORGE, *by the grace of God, my rightful KING*!
AIR.

AIR—*with Lutes.*

Well might my dear lady fay,
 As lamb-like by her side I lay,
 This very, very morn;
 Hark! JOEY, hark!
 I hear the lark,
 Or else it is—the sweet *Sowgelder's* horn!

ANTISTROPHE.

Forth, from their styes, the bristly victims lead;
 A score of Hogs, flat on their backs, shall bleed.
 Mind they be such on which good Gods might feast!
 And that
 In lily fat,
 They cut six inches on the ribs, at least!

DUET—*with Marrow-bones and Cleavers.*

Butcher and *Cook* begin!
 We'll have a royal greasy chin!
 Tit bits so nice and rare,—
 Prepare! Prepare!
 Let none abstain,
 Refrain!
 I'll give 'em pork in plenty—cut, and come again!

RECITATIVE.

Hog! Porker! Roaster! Boar-stag! Barbicue!
 Cheeks! Chines! Crow! Chitterlings! and Hafelet new!
 Springs! Spare-ribs! Saufages! Sous'd-lugs! and Face!
 With piping-hot Pease-pudding—plenteous place!
 Hands!

Hands! Hocks! Hams! Haggis, with high seas'ning
fill'd!

Gammons! Green Griskins! on gridirons grill'd!

Liver! and Lights! from Plucks that moment drawn,

Pigs' Puddings! Black and White! with Canterbury
Brawn!—

TRIO.

Fall too

Ye Royal crew!

Eat! Eat your bellies full! pray do!

At treats I never winces:—

The Queen shall say,

Once in a way,

Her Maids have been well cramm'd—her young ones
din'd like Princes!

FULL CHORUS—*accompanied by the whole HOGGERY.*

For this BIG MORN

GREAT GEORGE was born!

The tidings all the Poles shall ring!

Due homage will I pay,

On this thy native day,

GEORGE! *by the grace of God, my rightful KING!!!!*

Nº. IV.

O D E,

By SIR RICHARD HILL, BART.

HAIL pious Muse of faintly love,
 Unmix'd, unstain'd with earthly dross!
 Hail Muse of *Methodism*, above
 The Royal Mews at Charing-crofs!
 Behold both hands I raise;
 Behold both knees I bend;
 Behold both eye-balls gaze!
 Quick, Muse, descend, descend!
 Meek Muse of *Madan*, thee my soul invokes—
 Oh point my pious puns! oh sanctify my jokes!

II.

Descend, and, oh! in mem'ry keep—
 There's a time to wake—a time to sleep—
 A time to laugh—a time to cry—
 The *Bible* says so—so do I!—
 Then broad-awake, oh, come to me!
 And thou my *Eastern star* shalt be!

III.

MILLER, bard of deathless name,
 MOSES, wag of merry fame;
 Holy, holy, holy pair,
 Hearken to your vot'ry's pray'r!

C

Grant

Grant, that like Solomon's of old,
 My faith be still in *Proverbs* told;
 Like his, let my religion be
 Conundrums of divinity.

And oh! to mine, let each strong charm belong,
 That breathes falacious in the *wise man's* song;
 And thou sweet bard, for ever dear
 To each impassion'd, love-fraught ear,
 Soft, luxuriant ROCHESTER!
 Descend, and ev'ry tint bestow,
 That gives to phrase its ardent glow;
 From thee, thy willing *Hill* shall learn
 Thoughts that melt, and words that burn:
 Then smile, oh, gracious, smile on this petition!
 So *Solomon*, gay *Wilmot* join'd with thee,
 Shall shew the world that such a thing can be,
 As, strange to tell!—a *virtuous Coalition*!—

IV.

Thou too, thou dread and awful shade
 Of dear departed WILL WHITEHEAD,
 Look through the blue ætherial skies,
 And view me with propitious eyes!
 Whether thou most delight'st to looll
 On *Sion's* top, or near the *Pole*!
 Bend from thy *mountains*, and remember still,
 The wants and wishes of a lesser *Hill*!
 Then, like *Elijah*, fled to realms above,
 To me, thy friend, bequeath thy hallow'd cloak,
 And by its virtue Richard may improve,
 And in *thy habit* preach, and pun, and joke!

V.

The Lord doth give—The Lord doth take away.—

Then good *Lord Sal'sbury* attend to me,—
Banish these sons of *Belial* in dismay;

And give the praise to a true *Pharisee*:
For sure of all the *scribes* that *Israel* curst,
These *scribes* poetic, are by far the worst.

To thee, my *Samson*, unto thee I call—
Exert thy *jaw*—and straight disperse them all—
So, as in former times, the *Philistines* shall fall!

Then as 'twas th' beginning,

So to th' end 't shall be;

My Muse will ne'er leave singing

THE LORD OF SAL'SBURY!!!

Nº. V.

D U A N,

IN THE TRUE OSSIAN SUBLIMITY,

By MR. MACPHERSON.

DOES the wind touch thee, O Harp?
Or is it some passing Ghost?

Is it thy hand,

Spirit of the departed *Scrutiny*?

Bring me the Harp, pride of CHATHAM!

Snow is on thy bosom,

Maid of the modest eye!

A song shall rise!

Every soul shall depart at the sound!!!

The wither'd thistle shall crown my head!!!

I behold thee, O King!

I behold thee sitting on mist!!!

Thy form is like a watery cloud,

Singing in the deep like an oyster!!!!

Thy face is like the beams of the setting moon!

Thy eyes are of two decaying flames!

Thy nose is like the spear of ROLLO!!!

Thy ears are like three bossy shields!!!

Strangers shall rejoice at thy chin!

Thy

The ghosts of dead Tories shall hear me

In their airy hall !

The wither'd thistle shall crown my head !

Bring me the Harp,

Son of CHATHAM !

But Thou, O King ! give me the Laurel !

N^o. VI.

THOUGH the following *Ossianade* does not immediately come under the description of a *Probationary Ode*,—yet, as it appertains to the nomination of the *Laureat*, we class it under the same head. We must at the same time compliment Mr. *Macpherson* for his spirited address to Lord Salisbury on the subject. The following is a copy of his letter:—

MY LORD,

I TAKE the liberty to address myself immediately to your Lordship, in vindication of my poetical character, which, I am informed, is most illiberally attacked by the Foreign Gentleman, whom your Lordship has thought proper to select as an assessor on the present scrutiny for the office of Poet Laureat to his Majesty. Signor Delpini is certainly below my notice—but I understand his objections to my *Probationary Ode* are two;—first, its conciseness; and next, its being in *prose*. For the present I shall wave all discussion of these
frivo-

frivolous remarks ; begging leave, however, to solicit your Lordship's protection to the following *Supplemental Ode*, which I hope, both from its *quantity* and its *style*, will most effectually do away the paltry, insidious attack of an uninformed reviler, who is equally ignorant of British Poetry and of British Language.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most obedient,

and faithful servant,

J. MACPHERSON.

T H E

S O N G O F S C R U T I N A.

By MR. MACPHERSON.

HARK! 'Tis the dismal sound that echoes on thy roofs,
 O *Cornwall*; Hail! double-face sage! Thou worthy son of
 the chair-borne *Fletcher*! The Great Council is met to
 fix the seats of the chosen Chief; their voices resound in
 the gloomy Hall of Rufus, like the roaring winds of the
 Cavern—Loud were the cries for *Rays*, but thy voice, O
Foxan, rendered the walls like the torrent that gusheth from
 the Mountain-side. *Cornwall* leaped from his throne and
 screamed—The friends of *Gwelfo* hung their heads—How
 were the mighty fallen!—Lift up thy face, *Dundaſſo*,
 like the brazen shield of thy chieftain! Thou art bold to
 confront disgrace, and shame is unknown to thy brow,
 —but tender is the youth of thy Leader; who droopeth
 his head like a faded Lily—leave not *Pitto* in the day of
 defeat, when the Chiefs of the Counties fly from him like
 the herd from the galled Deer.—The friends of *Pitto* are
 fled. He is alone—he layeth himself down in despair,
 and sleep knitteth up his brow.—Soft were his dreams on
 the green bench—Lo! the spirit of *Jenky* arose, pale as
 the mist of the morn,—twisted was his long lank form—
 his eyes winked as he whispered to the child in the cradle.
 “ Rife, he sayeth—arise bright babe of the dark closet!
 The shadow of the Throne shall cover thee, like wings
 of

of a hen, sweet Chicken of the Back-stair brood! Heed not the Thanes of the Counties; they have fled from thee, like Cackling Geese from the hard bitten Fox; but will they not rally and return to the charge? Let the host of the King be numbered; they are as the sands on the barren shore.—There is *Powno*, who followeth his mighty leader, and chaceth the stall-fed stag all day on the dusty road.—There is *Howard*, great in arms, with the beaming star on his spreading breast.—Red is the scarf that waves over his ample shoulders—Gigantic are his strides on the terrace, in pursuit of the Royal footsteps of lofty *Georgio*.

No more will I number the flitting shades of *Jenky*; for behold the potent spirit of the black-browed *Jacko*,—’Tis the *Ratten Robinso*, who worketh the works of darkness! Hither I come, said *Ratten*—Like the mole of the earth; deep caverns have been my resting place, the ground *Rats* are my food.—Secret minion of the Crown, raise thy soul! Droop not at the spirit of *Foxan*. Great are thy foes in the fight of the many-tongued war.—Shake not thy knees, like the leaves of the *Aspen* on the misty hill—the doors of the stairs in the postern are locked; the voice of thy foes is as the wind, which whistleth through the vale; it passeth away like the swift cloud of the night.

The breath of *Gwelfo*, stilleth the stormy seas,—whilst thou breathest the breath of his nostrils, thou shalt live for ever.—Firm standeth thy heel, in the Hall of thy Lord. Mighty art thou in the fight of *Gwelfo*! illustrious leader of the friends of *Gwelfo*! great art thou, O lovely imp of the interior closet! O lovely Guardian of the Royal Junto!

N^o. VII.

MR. MASON having laid aside the more noble subject for a Probationary Ode, viz. the Parliamentary Reform, upon finding that the Rev. Mr. *Wyvil* had already made a considerable progress in it, has adopted the following.—The argument is simple and interesting, adapted either to the harp of *Pindar*, or the reed of *Theocritus*, and as proper for the 4th of June, as any day of the year.

It is almost needless to inform the public, that the University of Oxford has earnestly longed for a visit from their Sovereign, and, in order to obtain this honour without the fatigue of forms and ceremonies, they have privately desired the Master of the Stag-hounds, upon turning the stag out of the cart, to set his head in as straight a line as possible, by the map, towards Oxford;—which probably, on some auspicious day, will bring the Royal Hunt to the walls of that city. This expedient, conceived in so much wisdom, as well as loyalty, makes the subject of the following

I R R E-

I R R E G U L A R O D E.

By MR. M A S O N.

I.

O! green-rob'd Goddess of the hallow'd shade,
 Daughter of Jove, to whom of yore
 Thee, lovely Maid, LATONA bore,
 Chaste virgin, Empress of the silent glade;
 Where shall I woo thee?—Ere the dawn,
 While still the dewy tiffue of the lawn
 Quivering spangles to the eye,
 And fills the soul with nature's harmony!
 Or 'mid that murky grove's monastic night,
 The tangling net-work of the woodbine's gloom,
 Each zephyr pregnant with perfume,—
 Or near that delving dale, or mossy mountain's height,

II.

When *Neptune* struck the scientific ground,
 From *Attica's* deep-heaving side,
 Why did the prancing horse rebound,
 Snorting, neighing all around,
 With thund'ring feet and flashing eyes,—
 Unless to shew how near allied,
 Bright science is to exercise!

III.

If then the *horse* to wisdom is a friend,
 Why not the *hound*? why not the *horn*?

D 2

While

While low beneath the furrow sleeps the corn,
Nor yet in tawny vest delights to bend!

For Jove himself decreed,
That DIAN, with her sandall'd feet,
White ankled Goddess, pure and fleet,
Should, with every Dryad lead,
By jovial cry o'er distant plain,
To *England's* Athens, *Brunswick's* sylvan train!

IV.

Diana, Goddess all discerning!
Hunting is a friend to learning!
If the stag, with hairy nose,
In Autumn ne'er had thought of love!
No buck with swollen throat the does
With dappled fides had try'd to move,—
Ne'er had *England's* King, I ween,
The Muses' seat, fair *Oxford*, seen.

V.

Hunting, thus, is learning's friend!
No longer, Virgin Goddess, bend
O'er *Endymion's* roseate breast;—
No longer, vine-like, chastly twine
Round his milk-white limbs divine!—
Your brother's car rolls down the East—
The laughing hours bespeak the day;
With flowery wreaths they strew the way!
Kings of sleep! ye mortal race!
For *George* with *Dian*, 'gins the Royal chace!

VI.

Visions of bliss, you tear my aching sight,
 Spare, O spare your poet's eyes!
 See every gate-way trembles with delight,
 Streams of glory streak the skies;
 How each College founds,
 With the cry of the hounds!
 How *Peckwater* merrily rings!
 Founders, Prelates, Queens, and Kings,—
 All have had your hunting-day!—
 From the dark tomb then break away!
 Ah! see they rush to *Friar Bacon's* tower,
 Great *George* to greet, and hail his natal hour!

VII.

Radcliffe and *Wolsey*, hand in hand,
 Sweet gentle shades, there take their stand
 With *Pomfret's* learned Dame;
 And *Bodley* join'd by *Clarendon*,
 With loyal zeal together run,
 Just arbiters of fame!

VIII.

That fringed cloud sure this way bends,—
 From it a form divine descends,—
Minerva's self;—and in her rear,
 A thousand saddled steeds appear!
 On each she mounts a learned son,
 Professor, Chancellor, or Dean;
 All by hunting madness won,
 All in *Dian's* livery seen.

How

How they despise the tim'rous *Hare*!
 Give us, they cry, the furious *Bear*!
 To chase the *Lion*, how they long,
 Th' *Rhinoceros* tall, and *Tiger* strong.
 Hunting thus is learning's prop,
 Then may hunting never drop;
 And thus an hundred *Birth-Days* more,
 Shall Heav'n to *George* afford from its capacious store.

N^o. VIII.

O D E.

BY THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

I.

INDITE, my Muse!—*indite!* *subpœna'd* is thy lyre!
 The praises to *record*, which *rules of Court* require!
 'Tis thou, Oh *Clio!* Muse divine,
 And best of all the *Council Nine*,
 Must *plead my cause!*—Great HATFIELD'S CECIL bids
 me sing,—
 The tallest, fittest man, to walk before the King!

II.

Of *Sal'sbury's Earls* the First (so tells th' historic page),
 'Twas Nature's will to make most wonderfully sage;
 But then, as if too lib'ral to his mind,
 She made him crook'd before, and crook'd behind*.

* Rapin observes, that Robert Cecil, the first Earl of Salisbury, was of a great genius; and though crooked before and behind, Nature supplied that defect with noble endowments of mind.

'Tis

'Tis not, thank Heav'n! my *Cecil*, so with thee;
 Thou last of Cecils, but unlike the first;—
 Thy body bears no mark'd deformity;—
 The God's *decreed*, and *judgment* *was* *revers'd*!
 For veins of Science are like veins of Gold!
 Pure, for a time, they run;
 They end as they begun—
 Alas! in nothing but a heap of mould!

III.

Shall I, by eloquence controul,
 Or *challenge* send to mighty *ROLLE*,
 Whene'er on Peers he vents his gall?
 Uplift my hands to pull his nose,
 And twist and pinch it, 'till it grows
 Like mine, aside, and small?
 Say, by what *process* may I once obtain
 A *verdict*, Lord, not let me *sue* in vain!
 In Commons, and in *Courts* below,
 My *actions* have been try'd,—
 There, *clients* who pay most, *you know*,
 Retain the strongest side!
 True to these *terms*, I preach'd in politics for *Pitt*
 And *Kenyon's law* maintain'd against his Sovereign's *writ*!
 What tho' my father be a porpus,
 He may be mov'd by *Habeas Corpus*,—
 Or by a *call*, whene'er the State
 Or *Pitt* requires his vote and weight,—
 I tender *bail* for Bootle's *warm* support,
 Of all the plans of Ministers and Court!

And

IV.

And Oh! should *Mrs. Arden* bless me with a child,
 A lovely boy, as beauteous as myself, and mild;
 The little *Pepper* would some caudle lack:
 Then think of *Arden's* wife,
 My pretty *Plaintiff's* life,
 The best of caudle's made of best of sack!
 Let thy *decree*
 But favour me,
 My *bills* and *briefs*, *rebutters* and *detainers*,
 To *Archy* I'll resign
 Without a *fee* or *fine*,
Attachments, *replications*, and *retainers*!
 To *Juries*, *Bench*, *Exchequer*, *Seals*,
 To *Chanc'ry Court*, and *Lords*, I'll bid adieu;
 No more *demurrers* nor *appeals*; —
 My *writs of error* shall be *judg'd* by you,

V.

And if perchance great *Doctor Arnold* should retire,
 Fatigu'd with all the troubles of *St. James's Choir*;
 My *Odes* two merits shall unite;
 * *BEARCROFT*, my friend,
 His aid will lend,
 And set to music all I write!

* This Gentleman is a great performer upon the Piano Forte,
 as well as the Speaking Trumpet and Jew's Harp.

E

Let

Let me then, Chamberlain, without a *flaw*,
 For June the Fourth prepare,
 The praises of the King
 In *legal lays* to sing,
 Until they rend the air,
 And *prove* my equal fame in *poesy* and *law*!

Nº. IX.

PROBATIONARY ODES
FOR THE LAUREATSHIP.

O D E,

By NATHANIEL WILLIAM WRAXHALL,
Esq. M. P.

I.

MURRAIN seize the House of Commons!
Hoarse catarrh their windpipes shake!
Who, deaf to travell'd Learning's summons,
Rudely cough'd whene'er I spake!
North, not *Fox's* thund'ring course,
Nor e'en the Speaker, tyrant, shall have force
To save thy walls from nightly breaches,
From *Wraxhall's* votes, from *Wraxhall's* speeches.
Geography, terraqueous maid,
Descend from globes to statesmen's aid!
Again to heedless crowds unfold
Truths unheard, tho' not untold:
Come, and once more unlock this vast world—
Nations attend! the *map* of *Earth's* unfurl'd!

E 2

Begin

II.

Begin the song, from where the Rhine,
 The Elbe, the Danube, Wefer rolls —
Joseph, nine circles, forty fees are thine —
 Thine, twenty million souls —
 Upon a marish flat and dank
 States, Six and One,
 Dam the dykes, the seas embank,
 Maugre the Don!
 A gridiron's form the proud Escurial rears,
 While South of Vincent's Cape anchovies glide:
 But, ah! o'er Tagus, once auriferous tide,
 A priest-rid Queen, Braganza's sceptre bears —
 Hard fate! that Lisbon's Diet-drink is known
 To cure each crazy *constitution* but her own!

III.

I burn! I burn! I glow! I glow!
 With antique and with modern lore!
 I rush from Bosphorus to Po —
 To Nilus from the Nore.
 Why were thy Pyramids, O Egypt! rais'd,
 But to be measur'd, and be prais'd?
 Avaunt, ye Crocodiles! your threats are vain!
 On Norway's seas, my soul, unshaken,
 Brav'd the Sea-Snake and the Craken!
 And shall I heed the River's scaly train?

Afric,

Afric, I scorn thy Alligator band!
 Quadrant in hand
 I take my stand,
 And eye thy moss-clad needle, Cleopatra grand!
 O, that great Pompey's pillar were my own!
 Eighty-eight feet the shaft, and all one stone!
 But hail, ye lost Athenians!
 Hail also, ye Armenians!
 Hail once ye Greeks, ye Romans, Carthaginians!
 Twice hail ye Turks, and thrice ye Abyssinians!
 Hail too, O Lapland, with thy squirrels airy!
 Hail, Commerce-catching Tipperary!
 Hail, wonder-working Magi!
 Hail Ouran-Outangs! Hail Anthropophagi!
 Hail, all ye cabinets of every state,
 From poor Marino's Hill, to Catherine's Empire great!
 All have their chiefs, who speak, who write, who seem
 to think,
Caermarthens, Sidneys, Rutlands, paper, pens, and ink!

IV.

Thus, through all climes, to earth's remotest goal,
 From burning Indus to the freezing Pole,
 In chaifes and on floats,
 In dillies, and in boats;
 Now on a camel's native stool;
 Now on an afs, now on a mule.
 Nabobs and Rajahs have I seen;
 Old Bramins mild, young Arabs keen:

Tall

Tall Polygars,
 Dwarf Zemindars,
 Mahommed's tomb, Killarney's lake, the fane of Ammon,
 With all thy Kings and Queens, ingenious Mrs. Salmon * :
 Yet vain the majesties of wax !
 Vain the cut velvet on their backs——
 GEORGE, mighty GEORGE, is flesh and blood——
 No head he wants of wax or wood !
 His heart is good !
 (As a King's shou'd)
 And every thing he says is understood !

* Exhibits the Wax Work in Fleet-street.

Nº. X.

ODE FOR NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

By SIR GREGORY PAGE TURNER, BART. M. P.

Lord Warden of Blackheath, and Ranger of Greenwich
Hill, during the Christmas and Easter Holidays.

STROPHE.

O DAY of high career!
First of a month,—nay more—first of a year!
A *monarch day*, that hath indeed no peer!
Let huge *Buzaglos* glow
In ev'ry corner of the isle,
To melt away the snow:
And like to *May*,
Be this month gay;
And with her at hop—step—jump—play,
Dance, grin, and smile:
Ye too, ye *Maids of Honour*, young and old,
Shall each be seen,
With a neat *warming patentiz'd machine*!
Because, 'tis said, that *chastity* is cold!

ANTI-

ANTISTROPHE,

But ah! no roses meet the fight;
 Nor *yellow* buds of *saffron* hue,
 Nor *azure* blossoms of *pale blue*,
 Nor tulips, pinks, &c. delight.
 Yet on fine *tiffany* will I
 My genius try,
 The spoils of *Flora* to supply,
 Or say my name's not GREGO—RY!
 An *artificial* Garland will I bring,
 That *Clement Cottrell* shall declare,
 With courtly air,
 Fit for a Prince—fit for a KING!

EPODE,

Ye *millenery* fair,
 To me, ye *Muses* are;
 Ye are to me *Parnassus'* MOUNT!
 In you, I find an *Aganippe* FOUNT!
 I venerate your *muffs*,
 I bow and kiss your *ruffs*.
 Inspire me, O ye *Sisters* of the *frill*,
 And teach your votarist how to *quill*!
 For oh!—'tis true indeed,
 That he can scarcely read!
 Teach him to *flounce*, and disregard all quippery,
 As *crapes* and *blonds*, and such like frippery;
 Teach him to *trim* and *whip* from side to side,
 And *puff*, as long as puffing can be try'd,

In *crimping* metaphor h'ell dash on,
For *point*, you know, is out of fashion.

O crown with bay his tête,

Delpini, arbiter of fate !

Nor at the trite conceit let witlings sport;

A PAGE should be a *Dangler* at the court.

Nº. XI.

O D E,

By MICHAEL ANGELO TAYLOR, Esq. M. P.

Only Son of Sir ROBERT TAYLOR, Knt. and late Sheriff—also Sub-Deputy, Vice-Chairman to the Irish Committee, King's Counsel, and Welsh Judge Elect, &c. &c.

I.

HAIL, all hail, thou natal day !
 Hail the very half hour, I say,
 On which Great GEORGE was born !
 Tho' scarcely fledg'd, I'll try my wing—
 And tho', alas ! I cannot sing,
 I'll *crow* on this illustrious morn !
 Sweet bird, that chirp'ft the note of folly,
 So pleasantly, so drolly !—
 Thee oft, the stable-yards among,
 I woo, and emulate thy song !
 Thee, for my emblem still I choose !
 Oh ! with thy voice inspire a *Chicken of the Muse* !

And

II.

And thou, great Earl, ordain'd to fit
 High arbiter of verse and wit,
 Oh crown my wit with fame!
 Such as it is, I prithee take it;
 Or if thou can'st not find it, make it:
 To me 'tis just the fame.
 Once a white wand, like thine, my father bore:
 But now, alas! that white wand is no more!
 Yet though his pow'r be fled,
 Nor Bailiff wait his Nod nor Gaoler;
 Bright honour still adorns the head
 Of my Papa, Sir *Robert Taylor*!
 Ah, might that honour on his son alight!
 On this auspicious day
 How my little heart wou'd glow,
 If, as I bend me low,
 My gracious King wou'd say,
 Arise, SIR MICHAEL ANGELO!
 O happiest day, that brings the happiest Knight!

III.

Thee, too, my *fluttering* Muse invokes,
 Thy guardian aid I beg,
 Thou great Assessor, fam'd for jokes,
 For jokes of face and leg!
 So may I oft' thy stage-box grace,
 (The first in beauty as in place)
 And smile, responsive to thy changeful face!

For say, renowned mimic, say,
 Did e'er a merrier crowd obey
 Thy laugh-provoking summons,
 Than with fond glee, enraptur'd sit,
 Whene'er with *undefining wit*,
 I entertain the Commons?
 Lo! how I shine St. Stephen's boast!
 There, first of *Chicks*, I rule the *roast*!
 There I appear,
 Pitt's *Chanticleer*,
 The *Bantam Cock* in opposition!
 Or like a *hen*,
 With watchful ken,
 Sit close and hatch—the Irish propositions!

IV.

Behold, for this great day of pomp and pleasure,
 The House adjourns, and I'm at leisure!
 If *thou* art so, come, Muse of sport,
 With a few rhymes,
 Delight the times,
 And coax the Chamberlain, and charm the Court!
 By Heaven she comes!—more swift than prose,
 At her command, my metre flows;
 Hence ye weak warblers of the rival lays!
 Avaunt, ye Wrens, ye Goslings, and ye Pies!
 The *Chick of Law* shall *win* the prize!
 The *Chick of Law* shall *peck* the bays!
 So, when again the State demands our care,
 Fierce in my laurel'd pride, I'll take the Chair!—

GILBERT,

GILBERT, I catch thy bright invention,
 With somewhat more of *sound retention* * !
 But never, never on thy *prose* I'll border—
Verse, lofty-sounding *Verse*, shall “ *Call to Order* !”
 Come, sacred Nine, come, one and all,
 Attend your fav'rite Chairman's call !
 Oh ! if I well have chirp'd your brood among,
 Point my keen eye, and tune my brazen tongue !
 And hark ! with Elegiac graces,
 “ I beg that gentlemen may take their places !”
 Didactic Muse, be thine to state,
 The rules that harmonize debate !
 THINE, mighty CLIO, to resound from far,
 “ —The door ! the door !—the bar ! the bar !”
 Stout *Pearson* damns around, at her dread word ;—
 “ Sit down !” cries *Clementson*, and grasps his silver
 sword.

V.

But lo ! where Pitt appears to move
 Some new resolve of hard digestion !
 Wake then, my Muse, thy gentler notes of love,
 And in persuasive numbers, “ *put the Question* .”
 The question's gain'd !—the Treasury-Bench rejoice !
 “ All hail, thou *least* of men” (they cry) with mighty
 voice !

* No reflection on the organization of Mr. Gilbert's brain, is intended here ; but rather a pathetic reflection on the continual Diabetes of so great a Member !

—Blest sounds! my ravish'd eye surveys
 Ideal Ermine, fancied Bays!
 Wrapt in St. Stephen's future scenes
 I sit perpetual Chairman of *the Ways and Means!*
 Cease, cease, ye Bricklayer-Crew, my fire to praise,
 His mightier offspring claims immortal lays!
 The father climb'd the ladder, with a hod,
 The son, like *General Jackoo*, jumps alone, by God!

O D E,

By MAJOR JOHN SCOTT, M. P. &c. &c.

I.

WHY does the loitering sun retard his wain,
 When this glad hour demands a fiercer ray?
 Not so he pours his fire on Delhi's plain,
 To hail the Lord of Asia's natal day.
 There in mute pomp and cross-legg'd state,
 The *Raja Pouts* MAHOMMED SHAH await.
 There *Malabar*,
 There *Bijnagar*,
 There *Oude* and proud *Babar*, in joy confederate.

II.

Curs'd be the clime, and curs'd the laws, that lay
 Insulting bonds on George's sovereign sway!
 Arise, my soul, on wings of fire,
 To God's anointed, tune the lyre;
 Hail! George, thou all-accomplish'd King!
 Just type of him who rules on high!
 Hail! inexhausted, boundless spring
 Of sacred truth and Holy Majesty!

Grand

Grand is thy form,—'bout five feet ten,
 Thou well-built, worthiest, best of men!
 Thy chest is stout, thy back is broad,—
 Thy Pages view thee, and are aw'd!
 Lo! how thy white eyes roll!
 Thy whiter eye-brows stare!
 Honest soul!
 Thou'rt witty, as thou'rt fair!

III.

North of the Drawing-room, a closet stands:
 The sacred nook, St. James's Park commands!
 Here, in sequester'd state, Great GEORGE receives
 Memorials, treaties, and long lists of thieves!
 Here all the force of sov'reign thought is bent,
 To fix Reviews, or change a Government!
 Heav'ns! how each word with joy *Caermarthen* takes!
 Gods! how the lengthen'd chin of *Sidney* shakes!
 Blessing and blest'd the sage associates see,
 The proud, triumphant league of incapacity.
 With subtle smiles,
 With innate wiles,
 How do thy tricks of state, Great GEORGE, abound!
 So in thy Hampton's mazy ground,
 The path that wanders
 In meanders,
 Ever bending,
 Never ending,
 Winding runs the eternal round.

Perplex'd, involv'd, each thought bewilder'd moves ;
In short, quick turns the gay confusion roves ;
Contending themes the embarrass'd listener baulk,
Lost in the labyrinths of the devious talk !

IV.

Now shall the levee's ease thy soul unbend,
Fatigu'd with Royalty's severer care !
Oh ! happy few ! whom brighter stars befriend,
Who catch the chat—the witty whisper share !
Methinks I hear
In accents clear,
Great Brunswick's voice still vibrate on my ear—
“ What ?—what ?—what ?
“ Scott !—Scott !—Scott !
“ Hot !—hot !—hot !
“ What ?—what ?—what ?”
Oh ! fancy quick ! oh ! judgment true !
Oh ! sacred oracle of regal taste !
So hasty, and so generous too !
Not one of all thy questions will an answer wait !
Vain, vain, oh Muse, thy feeble art,
To paint the beauties of that head and heart !
That heart where all the virtues join !
That head, that hangs on many a sign !

V.

Monarch of mighty *Albion*, check thy talk !
Behold the *Squad* approach, led on by *Palk* !
Smith, *Barwell*, *Call*, *Vanfittart*, form the band !—
Lord of *Britannia* !—let them kiss thy hand !—

For *sniff**!—rich odours scent the sphere!
 'Tis Mrs. *Hastings*' self brings up the rear!
 Gods! how her diamonds flock
 On each unpowder'd lock!
 On every membrane see a topaz clings!
 Behold!—her joints are fewer than her rings!
 Illustrious dame! on either ear,
 The *Munny Begums*' spoils appear!
 Oh! Pitt, with awe behold that precious throat,
 Whose necklace teems with many a future vote!
 Pregnant with *Burgage* gems each hand she rears;
 And lo! depending *questions* gleam upon her ears!
 Take her, great George, and shake her by the hand;
 'Twill loose her jewels, and enrich thy land.
 But oh! reserve one ring for an old stager;
 The *ring* of future marriage for her *Major*!

* Sniff is a new interjection for the sense of smelling.

Nº. XIII.

IRREGULAR ODE.

By THE RT. HON. HARRY DUNDAS, Esq.

Treasurer of the Navy, &c. &c. &c.

I.

HOOT! hoot awaw!

Hoot! hoot awaw!

Ye lawland Bards! who' are ye aw?

What are you fangs? what aw your lair too boot?

Vain are your thoughts the prize to win,

Sae dight your gobs, and stint your senseless din;

Hoot! hoot awaw! hoot! hoot!—

Put oot aw your Attic feires,

Burn your lutes, and brek your leyres;

A looder, and a looder note I'll stricke:—

Na watter drawghts fra' Helicon I heed,

Na will I moont your winged steed—

I'll moont the Hanoverian horse, and ride him where

I leike!—

II.

Ye lairdly fowk, wha form the courtly ring,
 Coom, lend your lugs, and listen wheil I sing!
 Ye canny maidens tee! wha aw the wheile,
 Sa sweetly luik, sa sweetly smeile;
 Coom hither aw, and roond me thrang,
 Wheil I lug oot my peips, and gi' ye aw a canty fang,
 Weel faur his bonny bleithsome hairt!
 Wha, gifted by the gods abuin,
 Wi' meikle taste, and meikle airt,
 Fairst garr'd his canny peipe to lilt a tune!
 To the sweet whuffel join'd the pleesan drane,
 And made the poo'rs of music aw his ain.
 On thee, on thee I caw—thou deathless spreight!
 Doon fra thy thrane, abuin the lift sa bright;
 Ah! smeile on me, instruct me hoo to chairm;
 And, fou as is the baug beneath my arm,
 Inspeire my faul, and geide my tunesome tongue.
 I feel, I feel, thy poo'r divine!
 Lawrels! kest ye to the ground,
 Aroond my heed, my country's pride I twaine—
 Sa sud a Scottish baird be croon'd—
 Sa sud gret GEORGE be sung!—

III.

Fra hills, wi' heathers clad, that smeilan bluim
 Speite o' the northern blaiſt;
 Ye breether bairds, descend, and hither coom!

Let

Let ilka ane his baugpipe bring,
 That foonds fa sweetly, and fa weel;
 Sweet foonds! that please the lugs o' sic a king;
 Lugs that in music's foonds ha' mickle taste.
 Then, hither haste, and bring them aw,
 Baith your muckle peipes and smaw;
 Now, laddies! lood blaw up your chanterers;
 For, luik! whare, cled in claies fa leel,
 Canny *Montrose's* son leads on the ranter.
 Thoo *Laird o' Graham!* by manie a cheil ador'd,
 Who boasts his native fillabeg restor'd;
 I croon thee—maister o' the spowrt!
 Bid thy breechless loons advaunce,
 Weind the reel, and wave the dawnce;
 Noo they rant, and noo they loup,
 And noo they shew their brawny doup,
 And weel, I wat, they please the lasses o' the court.
 Sa, in the guid buik are we tauld,
 Befoor the halie ark,
 The guid King David, in the days of auld,
 Daunc'd, like a wuid thing, in his sark;
 Wheil Sion's dowghters ('tis wi' tham I speak't)
 Aw heedless as he strack the sacred strain,
 Keck'd, and lawgh'd,
 And lawgh'd, and keck'd,
 And lawgh'd, and keck'd again.
 Scarce could they keep their watter at the seight,
 Sa mickle did the King their glowran eyne delight.

Anewgh!

IV.

Anewgh! anewgh! noo haud your haund!
 And flint your spowrts awee:
 Ken ye, whare clad in eastlan spoils sa brave,
 O'ersheenan aw the lave;
 He comes, he comes!
 Aw hail! thoo Laird of pagodas and lacks!
 Weel could I tell of aw thy mighty awks;
 Fain wad my peipe, its loudest note,
 My tongue, its wunsome poor'rs, devote,
 To gratitude and thee;
 To thee, the sweetest o' thy ain parfobms,
 Orix's preide fud blaze
 On thee, thy gems of purest rays;
 Back fra' this faund, their genuine feires fud shed,
 And *Rumbold's* Crawlle vie wuth *Hastings'* Bed.
 But Heev'n betook us weil! and keep us weise!
 Leike thunder, brustan at thy dreed command!
 "Keep, keep thy tongue," a warlock cries,
 And waves his gowden waund.

V.

Noo, laddies! gi' your baugpipes breeth again;
 Blaw the loo'd, but solemn, strain:
 Thus wheil I hail with heart-felt pleasure,
 In majesty sedate,
 In pride elate,
 The smuith cheeks Laird of aw the treesure;

Onward

Onward he stalks in froonian state ;
 Na fuilish smiles his broos unbend,
 Na wull he bleithsome luik on aw the lasses lend,
 Hail to ye, lesser Lairds! of mickle wit;
 Hail to ye aw, wha in weise council sit,
 Fra' *Tommy Toonsend* up to *Wully Pitt* !
 Weel faur your heeds! but noo na mair
 To ye maun I the sang confeine;
 To nobler sleights the muse expands her wing.
 'Tis he, whose eyne and wit sa brightly sheine,
 'Tis *GEORGE* demands her care ;
 Breetons! boo down your heed, and hail your King!
 See! where with Atlantean shoulder
 Amazing each beholder,
 Beneath a tott'ring empire's weight,
 Full six feet high he stands, and therefore—great!

VI.

Come then, aw ye Poor's of vairse!
 Gi' me great *GEORGE*'s glories to rehearse ;
 And as I chaunt his kingly awks,
 The list'nan warld fra me fall lairn
 Hoo swuft he rides, hoo slow he walks,
 And weel he gets his Queen wi' bairn.
 Give me, with all a Laureat's art to jumble,
 Thoughts that soothe, and words that rumble!
 Wisdom and Empire, Brunswick's Royal line,
 Fame, Honour, Glory, Majesty divine!
 Thus, crooned by his lib'ral hand,
 Give me to lead the choral band;—

Then,

Then, in high-sounding words, and grand,
Aft fall my pipe swell with his princely name,
And this eternal truth proclaim :
'Tis GEORGE, Imperial GEORGE, who rules BRI-
TANNIA's land !

N^o. XIV.

O D E,

By DR. JOSEPH WARTON;

In humble Imitation of BROTHER THOMAS.

O! for the breathings of the *Doric ote!*O! for the *warblings* of the Lesbian *lyre!*

O! for th' Alcean trump's terrific note!

O! for the Theban eagle's wing of fire!

O! for each stop and string that swells th' Aonian quire!

Then should this hallow'd day in *worthy strains be sung,*And with *due laurel wreaths* thy cradle, Brunswick, *hung!*

But tho' uncouth my numbers flow

—From a rude reed,—

That drank the dew of Isis' lowly mead,

And *wild pipe*, fashion'd from th' *embattled sedge*Which on the *twilight edge*

Of my own Cherwell loves to grow:

The god-like theme alone

Should bear me on its *torw'ring wing;*

Bear me undaunted to the throne,

To view with fix'd and stedfast eye

—The delegated majesty

Of heaven's dread lord, and what I see to sing.

H

Like

Like heaven's dread lord, great George his voice can
raise,

From babes and sucklings' mouths to hymn his *perfect*
praise,

In poesy's trim rhymes and high resounding phrase.

Hence, *avaunt!* ye savage train,

That drench the earth and dye the main

With the tides of hostile gore :

Who joy in *war's terrific charms*,

To see the steely gleam of arms,

And hear the cannon's roar ;

Unknown the god-like virtue how to yield,

To Cressy's or to Blenheim's *deathful field* ;

Begone, and fate your Pagan thirst of blood ;

Edward, fell homicide, awaits you there,

And Anna's hero, both unskill'd to spare

Whene'er the foe their slaught'ring sword withstood.

The pious George to *white-stoled peace* alone

His olive sceptre yields, and *palm encircl'd throne*.

Or if his high decree

On the *perturbed sea*

The bloody flag unfurls ;

Or o'er the embattl'd plain

Ranges the martial train ;

On other heads his bolts he hurls.

Haughty subjects, *wail and weep*,

Your angry master *ploughs the deep*.

Haughty subjects, swol'n with pride,

Tremble at his *vengeful stride*.

While the regal command

Desp'rate ye withstand,

He bares his red right hand.

As when Eloim's pow'r,
 In Judah's rebel hour,
 Let fall the fiery show'r
 That o'er her parch'd hills desolation spread,
 And heap'd her vales with mountains of the dead.
 O'er Schuylkill's *cliffs the tempest roars;*
 O'er Rappahanock's recreant shores;
 Up the *rough rocks of Kipps's-bay*
 The huge Anspachar *wins his way,*
 Or *scares the falcon from the fir-cap'd side*
 Of each high hill that hangs o'er Hudson's haughty tide.
 Matchless victor, mighty lord!
 Sheath the devouring sword!
 Strong to punish, *mild to save,*
 Close *the portals of the grave.*
 Exert thy first prerogative,
 Ah! spare thy subjects blood, and let them *live;*
 Our *tributary breath,*
 Hangs on thine for life or death.
 Sweet is the balmy breath of orient morn,
 Sweet are the honied treasures of the bee;
 Sweet is the fragrance of the scented thorn,
 But sweeter yet the voice of royal clemency.
 He hears, and from his *wisdom's perfect day*
 He sends a bright effulgent ray,
 The nations *to illumine far and wide,*
 And feud and discord, war and *strife subside,*
 His moral sages, *all unknown* t'untie
 The wily rage of human policy,
 Their equal compasses expand,
 And mete the globe with philosophic hand.

No partial love of country binds
 In selfish chains the lib'ral minds,
 O gentle Landfdown! ting'd with thy philanthropy,
 Let other monarchs vainly boast
 A lengthen'd line of conquer'd coast,
 Or boundless sea of tributary flood,
 Bought by as wide a sea of blood——
 Brunswick, in more *saint-like guise*
 Claims for his spoils a purer prize,
 Content at every price to buy
 A conquest o'er himself, and o'er his progeny.
 His be *domestic glory's radiant calm*——
 His be *the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm*——
 His be *the throne with peaceful emblems hung*,
 And mine the laurel'd lyre, *to those mild conquests strung*!

Nº. XV.

P I N D A R I C,

By the RIGHT HON. HERVEY REDMOND,

LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES,

Of Castle Morres, of the Kingdom of Ireland, &c. &c.

I.

AWAKE, Hibernian lyre, awake,
 To harmony thy strings attune,
 O *tache* their trembling tongue to *spake*
 The glories of the fourth of June,
 Auspicious morn!
 When George was born
 To grace (by deputy) our Irish throne,
 North, south, *aiste*, west,
 Of King's the best,
 Sure now he's *aquall'd* by himself alone!
 Throughout th' astonish'd globe so loud his fame shall
 ring,
 The dif themselves shall *bare* the strains, the dumb shall
 sing.

Sons

II.

Sons of Fadruig*, strain your throats,
 In your native Irish lays,
 Sweeter than the screech owl's notes,
 Howl aloud your sov'reign's praise.
 Quick to his hallow'd fane be led
 A milk-white BULL, on soft potatoes fed :
 His curling horns and ample neck
 Let wreaths of verdant shamrock deck,
 And perfum'd flames, to *race* the sky,
 Let fuel from our bogs supply,
 Whilst we to George's health, a'en 'till the bowl runs o'er,
 Rich *frames* of usquebaugh and sparkling whiskey pour.

III.

Of dithless fame immortal heirs,
 A brave and patriotic band,
 Mark where Ierne's *Voluntaires*,
 Array'd in bright disorder stand.
 The Lawyer's corps, red fac'd with black,
 Here drive the martial merchants back ;
 Here Sligo's bold brigade advance,
 There Lim'rick legions sound their drum ;
 Here Gallway's gallant squadrons prance,
 And Cork Invincibles are overcome !

* Ancient Irish name given to St. Patrick.

The Union firm of Coleraine,
 Are scatter'd o'er the warlike plain,
 While Tipperary infantry pursues
 The Clognikelty horse, and Ballyshannon blues.
 Full fifty thousand men we shew
 All in our Irish manufactures clad,
 Whaling, manœuv'ring to and fro,
 And marching up and down like mad.
 In freedom's holy cause they bellow, rant, and rave,
 And scorn themselves to know what they themselves
 would have !
 Ah ! should renowned Brunswick chase,
 (The warlike monarch loves reviews)
 To see these heroes in our Phanix fight,
 Once more, amidst a wond'ring crowd,
 The enraptur'd prince might cry aloud,
 " Oh ! Amherst what a hiv'nly fight * !"
 The loyal crowd with shouts should rind the skies,
 To hare their sov'reign make a spaach so wise !

IV.

These were the bands, mid tempests foul,
 Who taught their master, somewhat loth,
 To grant (Lord love his lib'ral soul !)
 Commerce and constitution both.

* The celebrated speech of a Great Personage, on reviewing the camp at Cox-heath, in the year 1779, when a French invasion was apprehended ; the report of which animating apostrophe is supposed to have struck such terror into the breasts of our enemies, as to have been the true occasion of their relinquishing the design.

Now pace restor'd,
 This gracious lord
 Would *tache* them, as the scriptures say,
 At *laisse*, that if
 The Lord doth give,
 The Lord doth likewise take away.
 Fradom like this who *iver* saw?
 We will, henceforth, for *iver* more,
 Be after making *iv'*ry law,
 Great Britain shall have made before*.

V.

Hence, loath'd Monopoly,
 Of Av'rice foul, and Navigation bred,
 In the drear gloom,
 Of British Custom-house Long-room,
 'Mongst cockets, clearances, and bonds unholy,
 Hide thy detested head.
 But come, thou goddess, fair and free,
 Hibernian reciprocity!
 (Which *manes*, if right I take the plan,
 Or ilse the traity devil burn!
 To get from England all we can!
 And give her nothing in return!)
 Thee, JENKY, skill'd in courtly lore,
 To the *fiware* lip'd William bore,

* Vide the Fourth Proposition.

He Chatham's son, (in George's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Of garish day-light's eye afraid,
Through the postern-gate convey'd;
In close and midnight cabinet,
Oft the secret lovers met.
Haste thee, nymph, and quick bring o'er
Commerce, from Britannia's shore;
Manufactures, arts, and skill,
Such as may our pockets fill.
And, with thy left hand, gain by stealth,
Half our sister's envied wealth,
Till our island shall become
Trade's complete *imporium**.
These joys, if reciprocity can give,
Goddeſs with thee henceforth let Paddy live!

VI.

Next to great George be peerless Billy sung :—
Hark! he *spakes*! his mouth he opes!
Phrases, periods, figures, tropes,
Strame from his mellifluous tongue—
Oh! had he crown'd his humble suppliant's hopes,
And given him near his much lov'd Pitt,
Beyond the limits of the bar to sit,
How with his praises had St. Stephen's rung!
Though Pompey boast not all his patron's pow'rs,
Yet oft have kind Hibernia's Peers
To *rade* his *spaaches* lent their ears;
So in the Senate, had his tongue, for hours.

* Vide Mr. Orde's Speech.

Foremost, amid the youthful yelping pack,
 That crow and cackle at the Premier's back,
 A flow of Irish rhetorick let loose,
 Beneath the *Chicken* scarce, and far above the *Goose*,

Nº. XVI.

I R R E G U L A R O D E.

By EDWARD LORD THURLOW,

Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

I.

DAMNATION seize ye all,
 Who puff, who thrum, who bawl and squall!
 Fir'd with ambitious hopes in vain,
 The wreath, that blooms for other brows, to gain;
 Is THURLOW yet so little known?—
 By G—d I swore, while GEORGE shall reign,
 The Seals, in spite of changes, to retain,
 Nor quit the Woolfack till he quits the Throne!
 And now, the Bays for life to wear,
 Once more, with mightier oaths, by G—d I swear!
 Bend my black brows that keep the Peers in awe,
 Shake my full-bottom wig, and give the nod of law.

II.

What § tho' more sluggish than a toad,
 Squat in the bottom of a well,
 I too, my gracious Sov'reign's worth to tell,
 Will rouse my torpid genius to an Ode !
 The toad a jewel in his head contains—
 Prove we the rich production of my brains!
 Nor will I court, with humble plea,
 Th' *Aonian* Maids to inspire my wit ;
 One mortal girl is worth the *Nine* to me ;—
 The prudes of *Pindus* I resign to *Pitt*.
 His be the classic art, which I despise ;—
 THURLOW on Nature, and himself, relies.

III.

'Tis mine to keep the conscience of the King ;
 To me, each secret of his heart is shown :
 Who then, like me, shall hope to sing
 Virtues, to all but me, unknown ?
 Say who, like me, shall win belief
 To tales of his paternal grief,
 When civil rage with slaughter dy'd
 The plains beyond th' Atlantic tide ?
 Who can, like me, his joy attest,
 Though little joy his looks confess,

§ This simile of myself I made the other day, coming out of Westminster Abbey. Lord Uxbridge heard it. I think, however, that I have improved it here, by the turn which follows.

When

When Peace, at *Conway's* call restor'd,
 Bade kindred nations sheathe the sword?
 How pleas'd he gave his people's wishes way,
 And turn'd out *North*, when *North* refus'd to stay!
 How in their sorrows sharing too, unseen,
 For *Rockingham* he mourn'd, at *Windfor* with the Queen!

IV.

His bounty, too, be mine to praise,
 Myself th' example of my lays.
 A *Teller* in reversion I;
 And unimpair'd I vindicate my place,
 The chosen subject of peculiar grace,
 Hallow'd from hands of *Burke's* œconomy:
 For * so his royal word my Sovereign gave;
 And sacred here I found that word alone,
 When not his Grandfire's *Patent*, and his own,
 To *Cardiff*, and to *Sondes*, their posts could save.
 Nor should this chastity be here unsung,
 That chastity, above his glory dear;

* I cannot here withhold my particular acknowledgments to my virtuous young friend, Mr. Pitt, for the noble manner in which he contended, on the subject of my reversion, that the most religious observance must be paid to the *Royal promise*. As I am personally the more obliged to him, as in the case of the *Auditors of the Imprest* the other day, he did not think it necessary to shew any regard whatever to a *Royal Patent*.

But

But *Hervey* frowning, pulls my ear,
Such praise, she swears, were satire from my tongue.

V.

Fir'd at her voice, I grow prophane,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
To THURLOW's lyre more daring notes belong.
Now tremble every rebel soul!
While on the foes of GEORGE I roll
The deep-ton'd execrations of my song.
In vain my brother's piety, more meek,
Would preach my kindling fury to repose;
Like *Balaam's* ass, were he inspir'd to speak,
'Twere vain! resolv'd I go to curse my Prince's foes.

VI.

"Begin! Begin!" fierce *Hervey* cries,
See! the *Whigs*, how they rise!
What petitions present!
How teize and torment!
D—mn their bloods, d—mn their hearts, d—mn their
eyes.
Behold yon sober band
Each his notes in his hand;

* I originally wrote this line,

But *Hervey* frowning, as she hears, &c.

It was altered as it now stands, by my d—mn'd Bishop of a brother, for the sake of an allusion to *Virgil*.

——— *Cynthus aurem*

Vellit, et admonuit.

The

The Witnesses they, whom I brow-beat in vain ;
Unconfus'd they remain.

Oh ! d—mn their bloods again !

Give the curses due

To the factious crew !

Lo ! *Wedge*wood too waves his * *Pitt-pots* on high !

Lo ! he points, where the bottoms yet dry,

The *Visage immaculate* bear !

Be *Wedge*wood d—mn'd, and double d—mn'd his ware.

D—mn *Fox* and d—mn *North* ;

D—mn *Portland's* mild worth ;

D—mn *Devon* the good,

Double d—mn all his name ;

D—mn *Fitzwilliam's* blood,

Heir of *Rockingham's* fame ;

D—m *Sheridan's* wit,

The terror of *Pitt* ;

D—mn *Loughb'rough*, my plague—wou'd his *bagpipe*
were split !

D—mn *Derby's* long scroll,

Fill'd with names to the brims :

D—mn his limbs, d—mn his soul,

D—mn his soul, d—mn his limbs !

* I am told, that a scoundrel of a Potter, one Mr. *Wedge*wood, is making 10,000 vile utensils, with a figure of Mr. Pitt in the bottom ; round the head is to be a motto,

We will spit,

On Mr. *Pitt*,

And other such d—mn'd rhymes, suited to the uses of the different vessels.

With

With *Stormont's* curs'd din,
 Hark ! *Carlisle* chimes in ;
 D—mn *them* ; d—mn all the partners of their sin ;
 D—mn them, beyond what mortal tongue can tell ;
 Confound, sink, plunge them all to deepest, blackest
 Hell !

IRREGULAR ODE FOR MUSIC,

By the Rev. DR. PRETTYMAN.

The Notes (except those wherein Latin is concerned) by

JOHN ROBINSON, *Esq.*

RECITATIVE, *by Double Voices.*

* HAIL to the LYAR ! whose all persuasive strain,
 Wak'd by the master-touch of art,
 And prompted by th' inventive brain,
 † Winds its fly way into the easy heart.

S O L O.

* Hail to the LYAR !] It was suggested to me, that my friend the Doctor, had here followed the example of Voltaire, in deviating from common orthography.—*Lyar*, instead of *Lyre*, he conceives to be a reading of peculiar elegance in the present instance, as it puts the reader in suspense between an inanimate and a living instrument. However, for my own part, I am rather of opinion, that this seeming mis-spelling arose from the Doctor's following the same well-known circumspection which he exercised in the case of Mr. Wedgwood, and declining to give his Ode *under his band*; preferring to repeat it to Mr. Delpini's Amanuensis, who very probably may have committed that, and similar errors in orthography.

† Winds its fly way, &c.] A line taken in great part from Milton. The whole passage (which it may not be unpleasing to re-

S O L O.

* Hark ! do I hear the golden tone ?—
 Responsive now ! and now alone !
 Or does my fancy rove ?
 Reason-born Conviction, hence !—
 † And frenzy-rapt be ev'ry sense,
 With the *Untruth* I love.
 Propitious Fiction aid the song ;
 Poet and Priest to thee belong.

S E M I - C H O R U S.

‡ By thee inspir'd, e'er yet the tongue was glib,
 The cradled infant lisp'd the nurs'ry fib ;

call to the recollection of the reader) has been closely imitated by my friend Prettyman, in a former work.

“ I, under fair pretence of friendly ends,
 “ And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
 “ Baited with reasons not unplaufible,
 “ *Wind me into the easy-hearted man,*
 “ And hug him into snares.”

COMUS.

* Golden tone, &c.] The epithet may seem at first more proper for the instrument, but it applies here with great propriety to the sound. In the strictest sense, what is golden sound but the sound of gold? and what could arise more naturally in the writer's mind upon the present occasion?

† Frenzy-rapt, &c.] Auditis? An me ludit amabilis
 Infania?—

‡ By thee inspir'd, &c.] In the first manuscript:
 “ While yet a cradled child, he conquer'd shame,
 “ And lisp'd in fables, for the fables came.”

See P O P E.

Thy

Thy vot'ry in maturer youth,
 Pleas'd, he renounc'd the name of Truth;
 And often dar'd the specious to defy,
 Proud of th' expansive, bold, uncover'd lie.

A I R.

Propitious FICTION, hear!
 And smile, as erst thy father smil'd
 Upon his first-born child,
 Thy sister dear;
 When the nether shades among,
 * Sin from his forehead sprung,

FULL CHORUS.

Grand deluder! arch-impostor!
 Countervailing *Orde* and *Foster*!
 Renown'd Divine!
 The palm is thine:
 Be thy name or sung, or *bis*,
 Alone it stands—CONSPICUOUS FABULIST!

* Sin from his forehead sprung.]

“ A goddess armed

“ Out of thy head I sprung.”

See MILTON's Birth of Sin.

RECITATIVE *for the celebrated Female Singer from
Manchester. Symphony of Flutes—pianissimo.*

Now in cotton robe array'd,
Poor manufacture, tax-lamenting maid,
Thy story heard by her devoted wheel,
Each busy-sounding spindle hush'd—

FUGUE.

Now, dreading Irish rape,
Quick shifting voice and shape—

DEEP BASS, *from Birmingham.*

With visage hard, and furnace flush'd,
And black-hair'd chest, and nerve of steel,
The sex-chang'd list'ner stood
In furly penfive mood.

A I R, *accompanied with double Bassoons, &c.*

While the promise-maker spoke
The anvil miss'd the wonted stroke;
In air suspended hammers hung,
While *Pitt's* own frauds came mended from that tongue,

PART OF CHORUS REPEATED.

Renown'd Divine, &c.

A I R.

A I R.

Sooth'd with the sound the Priest grew vain,
 And all his tales told o'er again,
 And added hundreds more ;
 By turns to this, or that, or both,
 He gave the sanction of an oath,
 And then the whole forswore.
 " Truth," he sung, " was toil and trouble,
 " Honour but an empty bubble"—
Glo'ster's aged—*London* dying—
 Poor, too poor, is simple lying!
 If the lawn be worth thy wearing,
 Win, oh ! win it, by thy swearing !

FULL CHORUS REPEATED.

Grand deluder ! arch-impofitor, &c.*

* The quick tranfition of perfons muft have ftruck the reader in the firft part of this Ode, and it will be obfervable throughout : Now Poet, now Mufe, now Chorus ; then Spinner, Blackfmith, &c. &c. The Doctor fhips from point to point over Parnaffus, with a nimbleneſs that no modern imitator of Pindar ever equalled.—Catch him, even under a momentary ſhape, who can. I was always an admirer of tergiverſation, and (as my flatterers might ſay) no bad practitioner ; but it remained for my friend to ſhew the ſublimity to which the figure I am alluding to (I do not know the learned name of it) might be carried.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

PART

P A R T II.

RECITATIVE *accompanied.*

Enough the parents praise—see of Deceit,
 The fairer progeny ascends !
Evasion, nymph of agile feet,
 With half-veil'd face ;
Profession, whispering accents sweet
 And many a kindred *Fraud* attends ;
 Mutely dealing courtly wiles
 Fav'ring nods, and hope-fraught smiles,
 A fond, amusive, tutelary race,
 That guard the home-pledg'd faith of Kings—
 Or sitting, light, on paper wings ;
 Speed Eastern guile across this earthly ball,
 And waft it back from *Windfor* to *Bengal*.
 But chiefly thee I woo, of changeful eye,
 In courts y'clept *Duplicity* !
 Thy fond looks on mine imprinting,
 Vulgar mortals call it squinting—
 Baby, of Art and Int'rest bred,
 Whom, stealing to the back-stairs head,
 In fondling arms—with cautious tread,
 * Wrinkle-twinkle *Jenky* bore,
 To the baize-lin'd closet door.

A I R.

* Wrinkle-twinkle, &c.] It must have been already observed by the sagacious reader, that our author can coin an epithet

as

A I R.

Sweet nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within that lov'd recess—
 Save when the Closet Councils press,
 And junto's speak the thing they mean;
 Tell me, ever busy power,
 Where shall I trace thee in that vacant hour?
 Art thou content, in the sequester'd grove,
 To play with hearts and vows of love?
 Or emulous of prouder sway,
 Dost thou to list'ning Senates take thy way?
 Thy presence let me still enjoy
 With *Rose*, and the lie-loving boy.

as well as a fable. Wrinkles are as frequently produced by the motion of the part as by the advance of age. The head of the distinguished personage here described, though in the prime of its faculties, has had more exercise in every sense than any head in the world. Whether he means any allusion to the worship of the rising sun, and imitates the Persian priests, whose grand act of devotion is to turn round; or whether he merely thinks that the working of the head in circles will give analogous effect to the species of argument in which he excels, we must remain in the dark; but certain it is, that whenever he reasons in public, the *capital* and wonderful part of the frame I am alluding to, is continually revolving upon its axis; and his eyes, as if dazzled with rays that dart on him exclusively, twinkle in their orbs at the rate of sixty twinkles to one revolution. I trust I have given a rational account, and not far-fetched, both of the wrinkle and twinkle in this ingenious compound,

A I R.

A I R.

* No rogue that goes
Is like that *Rosé*,
Or scatters such deceit :
Come to my breast—
There ever rest
Associate counterfeit !

P A R T III.

LOUD SYMPHONY.

But lo ! what throngs of rival bards !
More lofty themes ! more bright rewards !
See Sal'sbury, a new Apollo fit !
Pattern and arbiter of wit !
The laureate wreath hangs graceful from his wand ;
Begin ! he cries, and waves his whiter hand.
'Tis *George's* natal day—
Parnassian Pegasus away—

* No rogue that goes, &c.] The candid reader will put no improper interpretation on the word *rogue*. Pretty *rogue*, dear *rogue*, &c. are terms of endearment to one sex ; pleasant *rogue*, witty *rogue*, apply as familiar compliments to the other : Indeed, *facetious rogue* is the common table appellation of this gentleman in Downing-street.

Grant.

Grant me the more glorious steed
 Of royal *Brunswick* breed *—
 I kneel, I kneel ;
 And at his snowy heel,
 Pindarick homage vow ;—
 He neighs ; he bounds ; I mount, I fly—
 The air-drawn crozier in my eye,
 The visionary mitre on my brow—
 Spirit of hierarchy exalt thy rhyme,
 And dedicate to George the lie sublime.

A I R *for a Bishop.*

† Hither, brethren, incense bring,
 To the mitre-giving king ;
 Praise him for his first donations ;
 Praise him for his blest translations,
 Benefices, dispensations.

}

* It will be observed by the attentive reader, that the thought of mounting the Hanoverian Horse, as a Pegasus, has been employed by Mr. Dundas, in his Ode preserved in this collection. It is true, the Doctor has taken the reins out of his hands, as it was time somebody should do. But I hereby forewarn the vulgar Critic, from the poor joke of making the Doctor a horse-stealer.

† Hither, brethren, &c.] When this Ode is performed in Westminster Abbey (as doubtless it will be) this Air is designed for the Reverend, or rather the Right Reverend Author. The numerous bench (for there will hardly be more than three absentees) who will begin to chaunt the subsequent chorus from their box at the right hand of his most sacred Majesty, will have fine effect both on the ear and eye.

L

By

A I R.

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Is like that *Rose*,
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 Of royal *Brunswick* breed *—
 I kneel, I kneel;
 And at his snowy heel,
 Pindarick homage vow;—
 He neighs; he bounds; I mount, I fly—
 The air-drawn crozier in my eye,
 The visionary mitre on my brow—
 Spirit of hierarchy exalt thy rhyme,
 And dedicate to George the lie sublime.

A I R *for a Bishop.*

† Hither, brethren, incense bring,
 To the mitre-giving king;
 Praise him for his first donations;
 Praise him for his blest translations,
 Benefices, dispensations.

}

* It will be observed by the attentive reader, that the thought of mounting the Hanoverian Horse, as a Pegasus, has been employed by Mr. Dundas, in his Ode preserved in this collection. It is true, the Doctor has taken the reins out of his hands, as it was time somebody should do. But I hereby forewarn the vulgar Critic, from the poor joke of making the Doctor a horse-stealer.

† Hither, brethren, &c.] When this Ode is performed in Westminster Abbey (as doubtless it will be) this Air is designed for the Reverend, or rather the Right Reverend Author. The numerous bench (for there will hardly be more than three absentees) who will begin to chaunt the subsequent chorus from their box at the right hand of his most sacred Majesty, will have fine effect both on the ear and eye.

L

By

By the powers of a crown ;
 By the many made for one ;
 By a monarch's awful distance,
 Rights divine, and non-resistance,
 Honor, triumph, glory give—
 Praise him in his might !
 Praise him in his height !
 The mighty, mighty height of his prerogative !

RECITATIVE *by an Archbishop.*

Orchestras, of thousands strong,
 With Zadoc's zeal each note prolong—
 Prepare !
 Prepare !

Bates gives the animating nod—
 Sudden they strike—unnumber'd strings
 Vibrate to the best of Kings—
 Eunuchs, Stentors, double bases,
 Lab'ring lungs, inflated faces,
 Bellows working,
 Elbows jerking,
 Scraping, beating,
 Roaring, Sweating.

Thro' the old Gothic roofs be the chorus rebounded,
 'Till Echo is deafen'd, and thunder dumb-founded :
 And now another pause—and now another nod
 —All proclaim a present God !

* *Bishops*

* *Bishops and Lords of the Bedchamber.*

George submissive Britain sways;

Heavy Hanover obeys.

Proud

* Lords of the Bed-chamber, &c.] Candour obliges us to confess, that this designation of the performers, and in truth the following stanza, did not stand in the original copy, delivered into the Lord Chamberlain's Office. Indeed, Signor Delpini had his doubts as to the legality of admitting it, notwithstanding Mr. Rose's testimony, that it was actually and *bona fide* composed with the rest of the Ode, and had only accidentally fallen into the same drawer of Mr. Pitt's bureau in which he had lately mislaid Mr. Gibbins's note. Mr. Banks's testimony was also solicited to the same effect; but he had left off vouching for the present session. Mr. Pepper Arden, indeed, with the most intrepid liberality, engaged to find authority for it in the statutes at large: on which Signor Delpini, with his usual terseness of repartee, instantly exclaimed, Ha! ha! ha! However, the difficulty was at length obviated by an observation of the noble Lord who presided, that in the case of the King versus Atkinson, the House of Lords had established the right of judges to amend a record, as Mr. Quarme had informed his Lordship immediately after his having voted for that decision.

Here end Mr. Robinson's notes.

" A present God,

" Heavy Hanover,

" Abject Commons," &c.

The imitation will be obvious to the classical reader.

——Præfens divus habebitur

Augustus, abjectis Britannis,

Imperio, gravibusque Persis.

HOR.

All the editors of Horace have hitherto read *abjectis* Britannis. Our author, as sound a critic as a divine, *suo periculo*, makes the alteration of a single letter, and thereby gives a new and peculiar force to the application of the passage.—N. B. *Abjecti*, in the author's understanding of the word, means that precise degree of

Proud Ierne's volunteers,
 Abject Commons, prostrate Peers—
 All proclaim a present God—
 (On the necks of all he trod)
 A present God!
 A present God!

Hallelujah!

submission due from a free people to monarchy. It is further worthy remark, that Horace wrote the Ode alluded to, before Britain was subjected to absolute sway; and consequently the passage was meant as a prophetic compliment to Augustus. Those who do not think that Britain is yet sufficiently *abject*, will regard the imitation in the same light. We shall close this subject by observing, how much better GRAVIVUS applies in the imitation than in the original; and how well the untruth of Ierne's volunteers joining in the deification, exemplifies the dedicatory address of the *lie* SUBLIME.

Nº. XVIII.

IRREGULAR ODE.

By the MARQUIS OF GRAHAM.

I.

HELP! help! I say, Apollo!
 To you I call, to you I hollo;
 My Muse would fain bring forth;—
 God of Midwives come along,
 Bring into light my little song,
 See how its parent labours with the birth!
 My brain! my brain!
 What horrid pain!
 Come, now prithee come, I say;
 Nay, if you won't, then stay away—
 Without thy help I've sung full many a lay.

}

II.

To lighter themes let other bards resort;
 My verse shall tell the glories of the Court,
 Behold the Pensioners, a martial band;
 Dreadful, with rusty battle-ax in hand—

Quarterly and daily waiters,
 A lustier troop, ye brave Beefeaters,

Sweepers,

Sweepers, Marshals, Wardrobe brushers,
 Patrician, and Plebeian ushers ;
 Ye too, who watch in inner rooms ;
 Ye Lords, ye Gentlemen, and Grooms ;
 Oh ! careful guard your royal Master's slumber,
 Lest factious flies his sacred face incumber,
 But ah ! how weak my song !
 Crouds still on crouds impetuous rush along :
 I see, I see, the motley group appear,
 Thurlow in front, and Chandos in the rear ;
 Each takes the path his various genius guides—
 O'er Cabinets *this*, and *that* o'er Cooks presides !

III.

Hail ! too ye beds where, when his labour closes,
 With ponderous limbs great CINCINNATUS doses !
 Oh ! say what fate the Arcadian King betides
 When playful Mab his wandering fancy guides.
 Perhaps he views his HOWARD's wit
 Make SHERIDAN submissive sit ;
 Perhaps o'er foes he conquest reaps ;
 Perhaps some ditch he dauntless leaps ;
 Now shears his people, now his mutton ;
 Now makes a Peer, and now a button.
 Now mightier themes demand his care ;
 HASTINGS for assistance flies ;
 Bulses glittering skim the air ;
 Hands unstretch'd would grasp the prize,
 But no diamond they find there ;
 For awak'd, by amorous pat,
 Good lack ! his gentle CHARLOTTE cries,
 What would your Majesty be at ?

The

'The endearing question kindles fierce desire,
And all the monarch owns the lover's fire ;
'The pious King fulfils the heav'nly plan,
And little annual BRUNSWICKS speak the mighty man !

IV.

At Pimlico an ancient structure stands,
Where Sheffield erst, but Brunswick now commands ;
Crown'd with a weathercock that points at will,
To every part but Constitution-hill—

Hence Brunswick, peeping at the windows,
Each star-light night,
Looks with delight,
And fees unseen,
And tells the Queen,

What each who passes out or in, does.

Hence too, when eas'd of Faction's dread,

With joy surveys,

The cattle graze,

At half a crown a head—

Views the canal's transparent flood,

Now fill'd with water, now with mud :

Where various seasons, various charms create,

Dogs in the summer swim, and boys in winter skait.

V.

Oh ! for the pencil of a Claud Lorain,

Apelles, Austin, Sayer, or Luke the Saint—

What glowing scenes ;—but ah ! the grant were vain,

I know not how to paint—

Hail ! Royal Park ! what various charms are thine—

Thy patent lamps pale Cynthia's rays outshine—

Thy

Thy limes and elms with grace majestic grow,
 All in a row;
 Thy Mall's smooth walk, and sacred road beside,
 Where Treasury Lords by Royal Mandate ride.
 Hark! the merry fife and drum;
 Hark! of beaux the busy hum;
 While in the gloom of evening shade,
 Gay wood-nymphs ply their wanton trade;
 Ah! nymphs too kind, each vain pursuit give o'er—
 If Death should call—you then can walk no more!
 See the children rang'd on benches;
 See the pretty nursery wenches;
 The cows, secured by halters, stand
 Courting the ruddy milk-maid's hand.
 Ill-fated cows, when all your milk they've ta'en,
 At Smithfield fold, you'll fatten'd be, and slain.—

VI.

Muse, raise thine eyes and quick behold,
 The Treasury-office fill'd with gold;
 Where Eliot, Pitt, and I, each day
 The tedious moments pass away,
 In business now, and now in play—
 The gay Horse-guards, whose clock of mighty fame,
 Directs the dinner of each careful dame;
 Where soldiers with red coats equipp'd,
 Are sometimes march'd, and sometimes whipp'd.
 Let them not doubt—
 'Twas heav'n's eternal plan
 That perfect bliss should ne'er be known to man.
 Thus Ministers, are in,—are out,
 Turn and turn about.—

Even

Even Pitt himself may lose his place,
 Or thou, Delpini, sovereign of grimace,
 Thou, too, by some false step, may'st meet disgrace. }

VII.

Ye feather'd choristers your voices tune,
 'Tis now, or near the fourth of June ;
 All nature smiles—the day of Brunswick's birth
 Destroy'd the iron-age, and made an heav'n on earth.
 Men and beasts his name repeating,
 Courtiers talking, calves a bleating ;
 Horses neighing,
 Asses braying,
 Sheep, hogs, and geese, with tuneful voices sing,
 All praise their King,
 George the Third, the Great, the Good.
 France and Spain his anger rue ;
 Americans, he conquer'd you,
 Or would have done it if he cou'd.
 And 'midst the general loyal note,
 Shall not his *gossling* tune his throat ;
 Then let me join the jocund band,
 Crown'd with laurel let me stand ;
 My grateful voice shall their's as far exceed,
 As the two leg'd excels the base four-footed breed.

Nº. XIX.

L E T T E R

FROM THE

RT. HON. LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES,

TO THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

MY LORD,

BIENG informed from undoubted authority, that the learned *Pierot*, whom your Lordship has thought proper to nominate to the dignity of your Assessor, knows no language but his own, it seemed to me probable he might not understand *Irish*.—Now as I recollect my last Ode to have proceeded on the orthography of that kingdom, I thought his entire ignorance of the tongue might perhaps be some hindrance to his judgment, upon its merit. On account of this unhappy ignorance, therefore, on the part of the worthy *Buffo*, of any language but *Italian*, I have taken the liberty to present your Lordship and him with a second Ode, written in *English*; which I hope
he

he will find no difficulty in understanding, and which certainly has the better chance of being perfectly correct in the true English idiom, as it has been very carefully revised and altered by my worthy friend, Mr. *Henry Dundas*.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordships devoted servant,

MOUNTMORRES.

O D E,

By the RT. HON. HARVEY REDMOND MORRES,
LORD VISCOUNT MOUNTMORRES,
Of the Kingdom of Ireland, &c.

I.

YE gentle Nymphs who rule the Song,
Who stray *Thessalian* groves among,
With forms so bright and airy ;
Whether you pierce *Pierian* shades,
Or, less refin'd, adorn the glades,
And wanton with the lusty blades
Of fruitful *Tipperary* ;
Whether you sip *Aonias'* wave,
Or in thy stream, fair *Liffy*, lave ;
Whether you taste ambrosial food,
Or think *potatoes* quite as good,
Oh, listen to an *Irish* Peer,
Who has woo'd your sex for many a year.

}

II.

Gold!—thou bright benignant pow'r!
Parent of the jocund hour,
Say, how my breast has heav'd with many a storm,
When thee I worshipp'd in a *female* form !
Thou, whose high and potent skill,
Turns things and persons at thy will!

Thou,

Thou, whose omnipotent decree,
 Mighty as Fate's eternal rule,
 Can make a wise man of a fool,
 And grace e'en loath'd Deformity.
 Can straitness give to her that's crook'd,
 And *Grecian* grace to nose that's hook'd;
 Can smooth the mount on *Laura's* back,
 And wit supply to those that lack:
 Say, and take pity on my woes,
 Record my throbs, recount my throes;
 How oft I sigh'd,
 How oft I dy'd:
 How oft dismiss'd,
 How seldom kiss'd;
 How oft fair *Phyllida*, when thee I woo'd,
 With cautious foresight all thy charms I view'd,
 O'er many a fod,
 How oft I trod,
 To count thy acres o'er;
 Or spent my time,
 For marle or lime,
 With anxious zeal to bore*!

* When Lord Mountmorres went down into the country, some years ago, to pay his addressee to a lady of large fortune, whose name we forbear to mention, his Lordship took up his abode for several days in a small public-house in the neighbourhood of her residence, and employed his time in making all proper enquiries, and prudent observation upon the nature, extent, and value of her property:—he was seen measuring the trees with his eye, and was at last found in the act of boring for marle; when being roughly interrogated by one of the lady's servants, to avoid chastisement he confessed his name, and delivered his amorous credentials. The amour terminated as ten thousand others of the noble Lord's have done!

How

How *Cupid* then all great and powerful fate,
Perch'd on the vantage of a rich estate ;
When, for his darts, he us'd fair spreading trees,
Ah ! *who* cou'd fail that shot with shafts like these !

III.

Oh, sad example of capricious Fate !
Sue *Irisbmen* in vain ?—
Does *Pompey's* self, the proud, the great,
Fail e'en a maid to gain ?
What boots my form so tall and slim,
My legs so stout—my beard so grim ?
Why have I *Alexander's* bend ?
Emblem of conquest never gain'd !
A nose so long—a back so strait—
A chairman's mien—a chairman's gait ?
Why wasted ink to make orations ?
Design'd to teach unlist'ning nations !
Why have I view'd th' ideal clock †,
Or mourn'd the visionary hour ?
Griev'd to behold with well-bred shock,
The fancy'd pointer verge to four ?

† An allusion is here made to a speech published by the noble Lord, which, as the title-page imports, was *intended* to have been spoken; in which his Lordship, towards the conclusion, gravely remarks :—
“ Having, Sir, so long encroached upon the patience of the House, and
“ observing by the clock that the hour has become so excessively late,
“ nothing remains for me but to return my sincere thanks to you, Sir,
“ and the other gentlemen of this House, for the particular civility,
“ and extreme attention, with which I have been heard :—the interest-
“ ing nature of the occasion has betrayed me into a much greater length
“ than I had any idea originally of running into; and if the casual
“ warmth of the moment has led me into the least personal indelicacy
“ towards any man alive, I am very ready to beg pardon of him and
“ this House, Sir, for having so done.”

Then

Then, with a bow, proceed to beg,
 A general pardon on my leg—
 “ Lament that to an hour so late,”
 “ ’Twas mine to urge the grave debate,”
 “ Or mourn the rest, untimely broken !”
 All this to say—all this to do,
 In form so native, neat, and new,
 In speech *intended* to be spoken !—
 But fruitless all, for neither here or there,
 My *leg* has yet obtain’d me *place*, or *fair* !

IV.

Pompeys there are of every shape and size :
 Some are the Great y-clep’d, and some the Little ;
 Some with their deeds that fill the wond’ring skies,
 And some on ladies’ laps that eat their vittles !
 ’Tis *Morres*’ boast—’tis *Morres*’ pride,
 To be to both ally’d !—
 That of all various *Pompeys*, he
 Forms one complete *epitome* !
 Prepar’d alike fierce Faction’s host to fight,
 Or, thankful, stoop *official crumbs* to bite—
 No equal to himself on earth to own ;
 Or watch, with anxious eye, on *Treasury-bone* !
 As Rome’s fam’d chief, imperious, stiff, and proud ;
 Fawning as curs, when supplicating food !
 In him their several virtues all reside,
 The peerless Puppy, and of Peers the pride !

V.

Say, Critic *Buffo*, will not powers like these,
 E’en thy refin’d fastidious judgment please ?
A common

A common *butt* to all mankind,
 'Tis my hard lot to be ;
 O let me then some justice find,
 And give the BUTT to me !
 Then dearest DE'L,
 Thy praise I'll tell,
 And with *unprostituted* pen,
 In *Warton's* pure and modest strain,
 Unwarp'd by Hope—unmov'd by Gain,
 I'll call thee “ best of husbands,” and “ most chaste of
 men !”
 Then from my pristine labours I'll relax :
Then will I lay the Tree unto the § Ax !
 Of all my former grief—
 Resign the bus'ness of the anxious chace,
 And for past failures, and for past disgrace,
 Here find a snug relief !
 The vain pursuit of female game give o'er,
 And, hound of *Fortune*, scour the town no more !

§ This line is literally transcribed from a speech of Lord *Mountmorres's*, when Candidate some years ago for the Representation of the City of Westminster.

Nº. XX.

I R R E G U L A R O D E,

FOR THE

KING'S BIRTH-DAY.

By SIR GEORGE HOWARD, K. B.

C H O R U S.

Re mi fa sol,
'Tol de rol lol.

I.

MY Muse, for George prepare the splendid song!
Oh may it float on Schwellenburgen's voice!
Let Maids of Honour sing it all day long,
That Hoggaden's fair ears may hear it, and rejoice.

II.

What subject first shall claim thy courtly strains?
Wilt thou begin from Windsor's sacred brow,
Where erst, with pride and pow'r elate,
The Tudors sate in fullen state,
While Rebel Freedom, forced at length to bow,
Retir'd reluctant from her fav'rite plains?

N

Ah!

Ah! while in each insulting tower you trace
 The features of that tyrant race,
 How wilt thou joy to view the alter'd scene!
 The Giant Castle quits his threat'ning mien;
 The levell'd ditch no more its jaws discloses,
 But o'er its mouth, to feast our eyes and noses,
 Brunswick hath planted pinks and roses;
 Hath spread smooth gravel walks, and a small bowling
 green!

III.

Mighty Sov'reign! Mighty Master!
 George is content with lath and plaister!
 At his own palace-gate
 In a poor porter's lodge, by Chambers plann'd,
 See him, with Jenky, hand in hand,
 In serious mood,
 Talking! talking! talking! talking!
 Talking of affairs of State,
 All for his country's good!
 Oh! Europe's pride! Britannia's hope!
 To view his turnips and potatoes,
 Down his fair Kitchen-garden's slope
 The victor monarch walks like Cincinnatus.
 See, heavenly Muse! I vow to God
 'Twas thus the laurel'd hero trod—
 Sweet rural joys! delights without compare!
 Pleasure shines in his eyes,
 While George with surprize,
 Sees his cabbages rise,
 And his 'sparagus wave in the air!

But

IV.

But hark ! I hear the found of coaches,
 The Levee's hour approaches—
 Haste, ye Postillions ! o'er the turnpike road ;
 Back to St. James's bear your royal load !
 'Tis done—his smoaking wheels scarce touch'd the
 ground—

By the Old Magpye and the New,
 By Colnbrook, Hounslow, Brentford, Kew,
 Half choak'd with dust the monarch flew,
 And now, behold, he's landed safe and sound—
 Hail to the blest who tread this hallow'd ground !

Ye firm, invincible beefeaters,
 Warriors, who love their fellow-creatures,
 I hail your military features !
 Ye gentle Maids of Honour, in stiff hoops,
 Buried alive up to your necks,

Who, chaste as Phœnixes in coops,
 Know not the danger that await your sex !
 Ye Lords empower'd by fortune or desert,
 Each in his turn to change your Sovereign's shirt !
 Ye Country Gentlemen, ye City May'rs,
 Ye Pages of the King's back stairs,
 Who in these precincts joy to wait—
 Ye courtly wands, so white and small,
 And you, great pillars of the State,
 Who at Stephen's slumber, or debate,
 Hail to you all ! ! !

C H O R U S.

Hail to you all ! ! !

N 2

Now

V.

Now, heavenly Muse, thy choicest song prepare :
 Let loftier strains the glorious subject suit :
 Lo! hand in hand advance th' enamour'd pair,
 'This Chatham's son, and that the drudge of Bute ;
 Proud of their mutual love,
 Like Nisus and Euryalus they move,
 To Glory's steepest heights together tend,
 Each careless for himself, each anxious for his friend !
 Hail! associate Politicians !
 Hail ! sublime Arithmeticians !
 Hail! vast exhaustless source of Irish Propositions !
 Sooner our gracious King
 From heel to heel shall cease to swing ;
 Sooner that brilliant eye shall leave its socket ;
 Sooner that hand desert the breeches pocket,
 Than constant George consent his friends to quit,
 And break his plighted faith to Jenkinson and Pitt !

C H O R U S.

Hail ! most prudent Politicians !
 Hail ! correct Arithmeticians !
 Hail ! vast exhaustless source of Irish Propositions !

VI.

Oh ! deep unfathomable Pitt !
 To thee Ierne owes her happiest days !
 Wait a bit,
 And all her sons shall loudly sing thy praise !
 Ierne, happy, happy Maid !
 Mistress of the Poplin trade !

Old Europa's fav'rite daughter,
 Whom first, emerging from the water,
 In days of yore,
 Europa bore,
 To the celestial Bull!
 Behold thy vows are heard, behold thy joys are full!
 Thy fav'rite Resolutions greet,
 They're not much chang'd, there's no deceit;
 Pray be convinc'd, they're still the true ones,
 Though sprung from thy prolific head,
 Each Resolution hath begotten new ones,
 All like their fires, all Irish born and bred!
 Then haste, Ierne, haste to sing,
 God save great George! God save the King!
 May thy sons' sons to him their voices tune,
 And each revolving year bring back the fourth of June!

N^o. XXI.

A D D R E S S.

AGREEABLY to the request of the Right Reverend Author, the following Ode is admitted into this collection; and I think it but justice to declare, that I have diligently scanned it on my fingers; and, after repeated trials, to the best of my knowledge, believe the Metre to be of the Iambic kind, containing three, four, five, and six feet in one line, with the occasional addition of the hypercatalectic syllable at stated periods. I am therefore of opinion, that the composition is certainly verse; though I would not wish to pronounce too confidently. For further information I shall print his Grace's letter

TO SIR JOHN HAWKINS, BART.

SIR JOHN,

AS I understand you are publishing an authentic Edition of the Probationary Odes, I call upon you to do me the justice of inserting

ing the enclosed. It was rejected on the Scrutiny by Signor Delpini, for reasons which must have been suggested by the malevolence of some rival. The reasons were, 1st, That the Ode was nothing but prose, written in an odd manner; and, 2dly, That the metre, if there be any, as well as many of the thoughts, are stolen from a little Poem, in a Collection called the UNION. To a man, blest with an ear so delicate as your's, Sir John, I think it unnecessary to say any thing on the first charge; and as to the second, (would you believe it?) the Poem from which I am accused of stealing, is my own! Surely an Author has a right to make free with his own ideas, especially when, if they were ever known, they have long since been forgotten by his readers. You are not to learn, Sir John, that *de non apparentibus & non existentibus eadem est ratio*: and nothing but the active spirit of literary jealousy, could have dragged forth my former Ode from the obscurity, in which it has long slept, to the disgrace of all good taste in the present age. However, that you and the public may see, how little I have really taken, and how much I have opened the thoughts, and improved the language of
that

that little, I fend you *my Imitations of myself*,
as well as some few explanatory Notes, necessary
to elucidate my classical and historical allusions.

I am, SIR JOHN,
With every wish for your success,
Your most obedient humble servant,
WILLIAM YORK.

P I N D A R I C O D E,

By DR. W. MARKHAM,

Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England, and
Lord High Almoner to his Majesty, formerly Preceptor
to the Princes, Head Master of Westminster School,
&c. &c. &c.

S T R O P H E I.

THE priestly mind what virtue so approves,
And testifies the pure prelatic spirit,
As loyal gratitude?

More to my King, than to my God, I owe;
God and my father made me man,
Yet not without my mother's added aid;

But GEORGE, without, or God, or man,
With grace endow'd, and hallow'd me Archbishop.

A N T I S T R O P H E I.

In Trojan PRIAM's court a laurel grew;
So VIRGIL sings. But I will sing the laurel,

I M I T A T I O N S O F M Y S E L F.

Strophe I.

This goodly frame what virtue so approves,
And testifies the pure ætherial spirit,
As mild benevolence?

My Ode to Arthur Onslow, Esq.

O

Which

Which at St. JAMES's blooms.
 O may I bind my brows from that blest tree,
 Not flourishing in native green,
 Refresh'd with dew from AGANIPPE's spring:
 But, * like the precious plant of DIS,
 Glitt'ring with gold, with royal sack irriguous.

E P O D E I.

So shall my aukward gratitude,
 With fond presumption to the Laureat's duty
 Attune my rugged numbers blank.
 Little I reck the meed of such a song;
 Yet will I stretch aloof,
 And tell of Tory principles,
 The right Divine of Kings;
 And Power Supreme, that brooks not bold contention;
 Till all the zeal monarchical
 That fired the Preacher, in the Bard shall blaze,
 And what my Sermons were, my Odes once more
 shall be.

* See Virgil's *Æneid*, b. vi.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

Epe I.

How shall my aukward gratitude,
 And the presumption of untutor'd duty
 Attune thy numbers all too rude?
 Little he reck the meed of such a song;
 Yet will I stretch aloof, &c.

Ibid.

STROPHE

STROPHE II.

* Good PRICE, to Kings and me a foe no more,
By LANSDOWN won, shall pay with friendly censure
His past hostility.
Nor shall not He assist, my pupil once,
Of stature small, but doughty tongue,
Bold ABINGDON, whose rhetoric unrestrain'd,
Rushes, more lyrically wild,
† Than GREENE's mad lays, when he out-pindar'd
PINDAR.

ANTISTROPHE II.

With him too EFFINGHAM his aid shall-join,
† Who, erst by GORDON led, with bonfires usher'd
His Sov'reign's natal month.
Secure in such allies, to princely themes,
To HENRYS and to EDWARD's young,

* During the Administration of Lord SHELBURNE, I was told by a friend of mine, that Dr. PRICE took occasion in his presence, to declare the most lively abhorrence of the damnable heresies, which he had formerly advanced against the *Jure divino* doctrines, contained in some of my Sermons.

† See a translation of PINDAR, by EDWARD BURNAEY GREENE.

‡ This alludes wholly to a private anecdote, and in no degree to certain malicious reports of the noble Earl's conduct during the riots of June, 1780.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

Antistrophe II.

TO HENRYS and to EDWARDS old,
Dread names, I'll meditate the faithful song, &c.

Ilid.
Dear

Dear names, I'll meditate the faithful song ;
 How oft beneath my birch severe,
 Like EFFINGHAM and ABINGDON, they tingled ;

E P O D E II.

Or to the YOUTH IMMACULATE
 Ascending thence, I'll sing the strain celestial,
 By PITT, to bless our isle restor'd.
Trim plenty, *not luxuriant* as of old,
 Peace, laurel-crown'd no more ;
 * Justice, that smites by scores, unmov'd ;
 And Her, of verdant locks,
 Commerce, like Harlequin, in motely vesture,
 † Whose magic sword with sudden sleight,
 Wav'd o'er the HIBERNIAN treaty, turns to bonds,
 The dreams of airy wealth, that play'd round PATRICK'S
 ‡ eyes.

* The present Ministry have twice gratified the public, with the awfully sublime spectacle of twenty hanged at one time.

† These three lines, I must confess, have been interpolated since the introduction of the fourth Proposition in the new *Irish* Resolutions. They arose, however, quite naturally out of my preceding personification of Commerce.

‡ I have taken the liberty of employing *Patrick* in the same sense as *Paddy*, to personify the people of *Ireland*. The latter name was too colloquial for the dignity of my blank verse.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

Epode II.

Justice with steady brow,
Trim plenty, *Laureat* peace, and *green-hair'd* commerce,
 In flowing robe of *thousand* hues, &c.
 On this imitation of myself, I cannot help remarking, how happily I have now applied some of these epithets, which, it must be confessed, had not half the propriety before.

STROPHE

STROPHE III.

But lo! yon bark, that rich with India spoils,
O'er the wide-swelling ocean rides triumphant,
Oh! to BRITANNIA'S shore
In safety waft, ye winds, the precious freight!
'Tis HASTINGS; of the prostrate EAST
Despotic arbiter; whose * bounty gave
My MARKHAM'S delegated rule
To riot in the plunder of BENARES.

ANTISTROPHE III.

How yet affrighted GANGES, oft distain'd
With GENTOO carnage, quakes thro' all his branches!
Soon may I greet the morn,
When, HASTINGS screen'd, DUNDAS and GEORGE'S
name

* One of the many frivolous charges brought against Mr. Hastings by factious men, is the removal of a Mr. FOWKE, contrary to the orders of the Directors, that he might make room for his own appointment of my son to the Residency of BENARES. I have ever thought it my duty to support the late Governor-General, both at Leadenhall and in the House of Peers, against all such vexatious accusations.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

Strophe III.

Or trace her navy, where in towering pride
O'er the wide-swelling waste it rolls avengeful.

Ibid.

Thro'

Thro' BISHOPTHORP'S * glad roofs shall sound,
Familiar in domestic merriment;
Or in thy chosen PLACE, St. JAMES,
Be carol'd loud amid th' applauding IMHOFFS!

E P O D E III.

When Wealthy Innocence, pursued
By Factious Envy, courts a Monarch's succour,
Mean gifts of vulgar cost, alike
Dishonour him, who gives, and him, who takes.
Not thus shall HASTINGS sav'd,
Thee, BRUNSWICK, and himself disgrace.

* As many of my Competitors have complained of Signor Del-
pini's ignorance, I cannot help remarking here, that he did not
know *Bishopthorp* to be the name of my palace, in Yorkshire; he did
not know Mr. Hastings's house to be in St. James's-place; he did
not know Mrs. Hastings to have two sons by Mynheer *Imhoff*, her
former husband, still living. And what is more shameful than all
in a Critical Assessor, he had never heard of the poetical figure, by
which I elegantly say, *thy place, St. James's*, instead of *St. James's-
place*.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF.

Antistrophe III.

How headlong Rhone and Ebro, erst distain'd
With Moorish carnage, quakes thro' all her branches!
Soon shall I greet the morn,
When, Europe saved, BRITAIN and GEORGE's name
Shall sound o'er FLANDRIA's level field,
Familiar in domestic merriment;
Or by the jolly mariner
Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.

Ibid.

O may

[III]

* O may thy blooming Heir
In virtues equal, be like thee prolific!
Till a new race of little GUELPHS,
Beneath the rod of future MARKHAMS train'd,
Lisp on their Grandfire's knee his mitred Laureat's
lays.

* Signor Delpini wanted to strike out all that follows, because truly it had no connection with the rest. The transition, like some others in this and my former Ode to Arthur Onslow, Esq. may be too fine for vulgar apprehensions, but it is therefore the more Pindaric.

IMITATIONS OF MYSELF,

Epode III.

O may your rising hope,
Well-principled in every virtue, bloom,
Till a fresh-springing flock implore,
With infant hands, a Grandfire's powerful prayer,
Or round your honour'd couch their prattling sports pursue.
Ibid.

O D E,

By *the* REV. THOMAS WARTON, B. D.

Fellow of Trinity College, in Oxford, late Professor of Poetry in that University, and now Poet Laureat to his Majesty.

AMID the thunder of the war,
 True Glory guides no echoing car;
 Nor bids the sword her bays bequeath;
 Nor stains with blood her brightest wreath:
 No plumed host her tranquil triumphs own;
 Nor spoils of murder'd multitudes she brings,
 To swell the state of her distinguish'd kings,
 And deck her chosen throne.
 On that fair throne, to Britain dear,
 With the flowering olive twin'd,
 High she hangs the hero's spear;
 And there, with all the palms of peace combin'd,
 Her unpolluted hands the milder trophy rear,
 To kings like these, her genuine theme,
 The Muse a blameless homage pays;
 To GEORGE, of kings like these supreme,
 She wishes honour'd length of days,
 Nor prostitutes the tribute of her lays.

II.

'Tis his to bid neglected genius glow,
 And teach the regal bounty how to flow;
 His tutelary sceptre's sway
 The vindicated Arts obey,
 And hail their patron King:
 'Tis his, to Judgment's steady line
 Their flights fantastic to confine,
 And yet expand their wing:
 The fleeting forms of Fashion to restrain,
 And bind capricious Taste in Truth's eternal chain.
 Sculpture, licentious now no more,
 From Greece her great example takes,
 With Nature's warmth the marble wakes,
 And spurns the toys of modern lore;
 In native beauty, simply plann'd,
 Corinth, thy tufted shafts ascend;
 The Graces guide the painter's hand,
 His magic mimicry to blend.

III.

While such the gifts his reign bestows,
 Amid the proud display,
 Those gems around the throne he throws
 That shed a softer ray:
 While from the summits of sublime Renown
 He wafts his favour's universal gale,
 With those sweet flowers he binds a crown
 That bloom in Virtue's humble vale.

P

With

With rich munificence, the nuptial tye,
 Unbroken, he combines :—
 Conspicuous in a nation's eye,
 The sacred pattern shines !
 Fair Science to reform, reward, and raise,
 To spread the lustre of domestic praise ;
 To foster Emulation's holy flame,
 To build Society's majestic frame :
 Mankind to polish and to teach,
 Be this the monarch's aim ;
 Above Ambition's giant-reach
 The monarch's meed to claim.

THE illustrious *Arbiters*, of whom we may with great truth describe the noble Earl as the very *alter-ipse* of *Mæcenas*, and the worthy *Pierot*, as the most correct counterpart of *Petronius*, had carefully revised the whole of the preceding productions, and had indulged the defeated ambition of restless and aspiring Poetry, with a most impartial and elaborate *Scrutiny*, (the whole account of which, faithfully translated from the Italian of *Signor Delpini*, and the English of the *Earl of Salisbury*, will, in due time, be submitted to the inspection of the curious) were preparing to make a legal return, when an event happened that put a final period to their proceedings.—The following is a correct account of this interesting occurrence :

ON Sunday the 17th of the present month, to wit, July, Anno Domini,

1785, just as his Majesty was ascending the stairs of his gallery, to attend divine worship at WINDSOR, he was surprized by the appearance of a little, thick, squat, red-faced man, who in a very odd dress, and kneeling upon one knee, presented a piece of paper for the Royal acceptance. His Majesty, amazed at the sight of such a figure in such a place, had already given orders to one of the attendant beef-eaters to dismiss him from his presence, when by a certain hasty spasmodic mumbling, together with two or three prompt quotations from Virgil, the person was discovered to be no other than the Rev. Mr. *Thomas Warton* himself, dressed in the official vesture of his professorship, and the paper which he held in his hand being nothing else but a fair-written petition, designed for the inspection of his Majesty, our gracious Sovereign, made up for the seeming rudeness of the first reception, by a hearty embrace on recognition;
and

and the contents of the petition being forthwith examined, were found to be pretty nearly as follows.—We omit the common-place compliments generally introduced in the exordia of these applications, as “relying upon your Majesty’s well-known clemency;” “convinced of your Royal regard for the real interest of your subjects;” “penetrated with the fullest conviction of your wisdom and justice,” &c. &c. which, though undoubtedly very true, when considered as addressed to George the Third, *might*, perhaps, as matters of mere form, be applied to a Sovereign, who neither had proved wisdom nor regard for his subjects in one act of his reign, and proceed to the substance and matter of the complaint itself. It sets forth, “That the Petitioner, Mr. *Thomas*, had been many years a maker of Poetry, as his friend Mr. *Sadler*, the pastry-cook, of Oxford, and some other creditable

“witnesses

“ witnesses could well evince : that
 “ many of his works of fancy, and more
 “ particularly that one, which is known
 “ by the name of his *Criticisms upon*
 “ *Milton*, had been well received by the
 “ learned ; that thus encouraged, he
 “ had entered the list, together with
 “ many other great and respectable can-
 “ didates, for the honour of a succession
 “ to the vacant *Laureatship* ; that a de-
 “ cided return had been made in his fa-
 “ vour by the officers best calculated to
 “ judge, namely, the Right Hon. the Earl
 “ of Salisbury, and the learned *Signor Del-*
 “ *pini*, his Lordship’s worthy coadjutor ;
 “ that the Signor’s delicacy, unhappily
 “ for the Petitioner, like that of Mr.
 “ *Corbett*, in the instance of the West-
 “ minster election, had inclined him to
 “ the grant of a SCRUTINY ; that in con-
 “ sequence of the vexatious and pertina-
 “ cious perseverance on the part of several
 “ gentlemen in this illegal and oppres-
 “ five

“ five measure, the Petitioner had been
 “ severely injured in his spirits, his com-
 “ forts, and his interest : that he had
 “ been for many years engaged in a most
 “ laborious and expensive undertaking,
 “ in which he had been honoured with
 “ the most liberal communications from
 “ all the universities in Europe, to wit, a
 “ splendid and most correct edition of the
 “ *Poemata Minora*, of the immortal Mr.
 “ *Stephen Duck* ; that he was also under
 “ positive articles of literary partnership
 “ with his brother, the learned and well-
 “ known Dr. *Joseph*, to supply two pages
 “ per day in his new work, now in the
 “ press, entitled his *Essay on the life and*
 “ *writings* of Mr. THOMAS HICKA-
 “ THRIFT ; in both of which great un-
 “ dertakings, the progress had been most
 “ essentially interrupted by the great anx-
 “ iety and distress of mind, under which
 “ the Petitioner has for some time labour-
 “ ed, on account of this inequitable scru-
 “ tiny ;

“ tiny ; that the Petitioner is bound by
 “ his honour and his engagement to pre-
 “ pare a new Ode for the birth-day of
 “ her most gracious Majesty, which he
 “ is very desirous of executing with as
 “ much poetry, perspicuity, and origi-
 “ nality, as are universally allowed to
 “ have characterised his last effusion, in
 “ honour of the Natal Anniversary of
 “ his Royal Master’s sacred self ; that
 “ there are but six months to come for
 “ such a preparation, and that the Peti-
 “ tioner has got no farther yet than
 “ ‘ Hail Muse !’ in the first stanza, which
 “ very much inclines him to fear he shall
 “ not be able to finish the whole in the
 “ short period above-mentioned, unless
 “ his Majesty should be graciously pleased
 “ to order some of his Lords of the Bed-
 “ chamber to assist him, or should com-
 “ mand a termination to the vexatious
 “ enquiry now pending. In humble
 “ hopes that these several considerations
 “ would

“ would have their due influence with
 “ his Majesty, the Petitioner concludes
 “ with the usual prayer, and signed him-
 “ self as underneath, &c. &c. &c.

THO. WARTON, B. D. &c. &c.”

Such was the influence of the above admirable appeal on the sympathetic feelings of Majesty, that the sermon, which we understand was founded upon the text, “ *Let him keep his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no untruth,*” and which was *not* preached by Dr. *Prettyman*, was entirely neglected, and a message instantly written, honoured by the Sign Manual, and directed to the office of the Right Hon. Lord *Sydney*, Secretary for the Home Department, enjoining an immediate redress for Mr. *Thomas*, and a total suspension of any further proceedings in a measure which (as the energy of Royal eloquence expressed it) was of such unexampled injustice, illegality and

Q

oppres-

oppression, as that of a *scrutiny after a fair poll, and a decided superiority of admitted suffrages*. This message, conveyed, as its solemnity well required, by no other Person than the Honourable young *Tommy* himself, Secretary to his amazing father, had its due influence with the Court; the Noble Lord broke his wand; Mr. *Delpini* executed a *chacone*, and tried at a *somerfet*; he grinned a grim obedience to the mandate, and calling for pen, ink, and paper, wrote the following letter to the Printer of that favourite diurnal vehicle through whose medium these effusions had been heretofore submitted to the public:

“ *Monfieur,*

“ On vous requis, you are hereby com-
 “ mandie not to pooblish any more of de
 “ *Ode Probationaire—mon cher ami, Mon-*
 “ *sieur George le Roi*, says it be ver bad to
 “ vex Monsieur le petit homme avec le
 “ grand paunch—*Monsieur Wharton*, any
 “ more

“ more vid scrutinée ; je vous commande
 “ derefore to finif—Que le Roi foit loué !
 “ —God fave de King ! mind vat I fay—
 “ ou le grand George and le bon Dieu
 “ damn votre ame & bodie, vos jambes,
 “ & vos pies, for ever and ever—pour
 “ jamais.

“ Signed,

“ D E L P I N I .”

Nothing now remained, but for the Judges to make their return, which having done in favour of Mr. *Thomas Warton*, the original object of their preference, whom they now pronounced duly elected, the following Imperial Notice was published in the fucceeding Saturday's *Gazette*, confirming the Nomination, and giving legal Sanction to the Appointment.

P R O C L A M A T I O N.

To all CHRISTIAN PEOPLE to whom
these presents shall come, greeting,

KNOW YE, That by and with the
advice, consent, concurrence, and appro-
bation of our right trusty and well-be-
loved cousins, James Cecil, Earl of Sa-
lisbury, and Antonio Francisco Ignacio
Delpini, Esq. Aur. and Pierot to the
Theatre-royal, Hay-market, WE, for
divers good causes and considerations us
thereunto especially moving, have made,
ordained, nominated, constituted, and ap-
pointed, and by these presents do make,
ordain, nominate, constitute, and appoint,
the Rev. Thomas Warton, B. D. to be
our true and only legal Laureat, Poet,
and Poetaster; that is to say, to pen,
write, compose, transpose, select, dictate,
compile, indite, edite, invent, design,
steal,

steal, put together, transcribe, frame, fabricate, manufacture, make, join, build, scrape, grub, collect, vamp, find, discover, catch, smuggle, pick up, beg, borrow, or buy, in the same manner and with the same privileges as have been usually practised, and heretofore enjoyed by every other Laureat, whether by our Sacred Self appointed, or by our Royal predecessors, who now dwell with their fathers: And for this purpose, to produce, deliver, chaunt, or sing, as in our wisdom aforesaid we shall judge proper, at the least three good and substantial Odes, in the best English or German verse, in every year, that is to say, one due and proper Ode on the Nativity of our blessed Self; one due and proper Ode on the Nativity of our dearest and best beloved Royal Consort, for the time being; and also one due and proper Ode on the day of the Nativity of every future Year, of which God grant We may see many.

And

And we do hereby most strictly command and enjoin, that no Scholar, Critic, Wit, Orthographer, or Scribbler, shall, by gibes, sneers, jests, judgments, quibbles, or criticisms, molest, interrupt, incommode, disturb, or confound the said Thomas Warton, or break the peace of his orderly, quiet, pains-taking and inoffensive Muse, in the said exercise of his said duty. And we do hereby will and direct, that if any of the person or persons aforesaid, notwithstanding our absolute and positive command, shall be found offending against this our Royal Proclamation, that he, she, or they being duly convicted, shall, for every such crime and misdemeanor, be punished in the manner and form following; to wit—For the first offence he shall be drawn on a sledge to the most conspicuous and notorious part of our ever faithful city of London, and shall then and there, with an audible voice, pronounce, read, and deliver three several
 printed

printed speeches of our right, trusty, and approved MAJOR JOHN SCOTT.—For the second offence, that he be required to translate into good and lawful English one whole unspoken speech of our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, Lord Viscount MOUNTMORRES, of the kingdom of *Ireland*;—and for the third offence, that he be condemned to read one whole page of the Poems, Essays, or Criticisms of our said Laureat, Mr. Thomas Warton.—And whereas the said office of Laureat is a place of the last importance, inasmuch as the person holding it has confided to him the care of making the Royal virtues known to the world; and we being minded and desirous that the said T. Warton should execute and perform the duties of his said office with the utmost dignity and decorum, Now KNOW YE, That we have thought it meet to draw up a due and proper Table of Instructions, hereunto annexed, for
the

the use of the said Thomas Warton, in his said poetical exercise and employment, which we do hereby most strictly will and enjoin the said Thomas Warton to abide by and follow, under pain of incurring our most high displeasure.

Given at our Court at St. James's, this 30th day of May, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five.

Vivant Rex & Regina.

TABLE

TABLE OF INSTRUCTIONS

FOR THE

REV. THOMAS WARTON,

B. D. and P. L. &c. &c.

Chamberlain's Office, May 30th, 1785.

1st, THAT in fabricating the catalogue of Regal Virtues (in which task the Poet may much assist his invention by perusing the Odes of his several predecessors) you be particularly careful not to omit his Chastity, his Skill in Mechanics, and his Royal Talent of Child-getting.—

2dly, It is expected that you should be very liberally endowed with the gift of Prophecy ; but be very careful not to predict any event but what may be perfectly acceptable to your Sovereign, such as the subjugation of America, the destruction of the Whigs, long-life, &c. &c.

R

3dly,

3dly, That you be always provided with a due assortment of true, good-looking, and legitimate words; and that you do take all necessary care not to apply them but on their proper occasions; as for example, not to talk of dove-eyed peace, nor the gentle olive, in time of war; nor of trumpets, drums, fifes, nor * ECHOING CARS in time of peace—as for the sake of poetical conveniency, several of your predecessors have been known to do.

4thly, That as the Sovereign for the time being must always be the best, the greatest, and the wisest, that ever existed; so the year also for the time being must be the happiest, the mildest, the fairest, and the most prolific that ever occurred.—What reflections upon the year past you think proper.

* It is evident from this expression, that these instructions had not been delivered to Mr. Warton at the time of his writing his last famous Ode on the Birth-day of his Majesty; a circumstance which makes that amazing Composition still more extraordinary.

5thly,

5thly, That Music being a much higher and diviner science than Poetry, your Ode must always be adapted to the Music, and not the Music to your Ode.—The omission of a line or two cannot be supposed to make any material difference either in the poetry or in the sense.

6thly, That as these sort of invitations have of late years been considered by the Muses as mere cards of compliment, and of course have been but rarely accepted, you must not waste more than twenty lines in invoking the Nine, nor repeat the word “ Hail !” more than fifteen times at farthest.

7th, and finally, That it may not be amiss to be a little intelligible *.

* This is an additional proof that Mr. Warton had not received the Instructions at the time he composed his said Ode.

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